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MAY JAPANESE BECOME CITIZENS?

I — AN UNASSIMILABLE RACE

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THIS Western publisher argues that to grant citizenship to Japanese within our shores would be in contravention of our national policy, which has always aimed at conserving the country for the white race. Because of their strong racial cohesion and loyalty he believes that the Japanese are of all races most difficult to assimilate, and to admit them would prove a dangerous move, economically and politically. Other English-speaking peoples, as he points out, have set the example of exclusion of Japanese.

IN discussing the question "Shall Japanese be granted the privilege of naturalization?" it is desirable first to understand our established national policy with regard to the naturalization of the class of aliens to which the Japanese belong, and the reasons for such policy; then to consider the changes in such policy which would be necessitated by making this concession to the Japanese; and finally, to weigh the advantages, or disadvantages, which would result to this nation from such change in policy.

To permit naturalization of Japanese would necessitate abandonment of the policy inaugurated when the Republic began and consistently maintained since, withholding the privilege of citizenship from Asiatics of the yellow and brown races. It would force opening our ports to Asiatic immigration against which, for forty years or more, we have adopted exclusion measures whenever that immigration showed an inclination to increase; and it would compel us either to grant immigration and naturalization privileges to all Asiatics, or to create ill-will for us among most of the nations of Asia by confining such privileges to the Japanese.

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The first naturalization act of Congress, passed in the early days of the American Republic in 1790, declared that "any alien, being a free white person, . . . may be admitted to become a citizen . . ." (C. 3, 1 Stat. 103).

After the Civil War and because of problems created by slavery, the privilege of naturalization was extended to blacks. The express provision is found in Section 2169 of the Revised Statutes, title on "Naturalization," in these words: "The provisions of this title shall apply to aliens, being free white persons, and to aliens of African nativity, and to persons of African descent."

Thus the privilege of naturalization has been expressly withheld from the yellow and brown races continuously since the Republic was founded. The decision of the United States Supreme Court, in November 1922, in the case of Takao Ozawa, a Japanese, educated at the Berkeley (California) High School and the University of California, who demanded the privilege of naturalization, clearly states that the term "white person" is to be taken in its general acceptation, and applies exclusively to individuals of the Caucasian race, as that designation is generally understood.

In another decision, made in February 1923, in the case of Bhagat Singh Thind, a high caste Hindu, claiming descent from the Aryan race, the court makes it plain that the intent of the original law of 1790 was to limit naturalization to "whites," as generally understood, that the privilege has been extended since only to Africans, or blacks, and that all others, regardless of descent, are barred.

To permit the naturalization of Japanese, who are members of the yellow race, would require, therefore, a reversal of this national policy.

If we accord to Japanese the privilege of naturalization, we must admit them as immigrants. It would be absurd to grant the privilege of citizenship to one who is not permitted to enter the country. To accord the special privilege of naturalization to those Japanese only who are already here, would establish a precedent which would serve as basis for a similar demand on behalf of Chinese and Hindus now here, and also for a demand by Japan for similar privilege for all her nationals.

To admit Japanese as immigrants would force reversal of the

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nation's policy (in harmony with its naturalization policy) which has been followed consistently for over forty years. Whenever the number of any people of the barred races so increased in this country as to suggest a possible menace, an exclusion measure was at once put into effect.

This was done as to Chinese in 1882 by an exclusion act; it was done as to Japanese in 1906–7 by the "gentlemen's agreement," operation of which was deferred, at Japan's request, until July 1, 1908; it was done as to Hindus and remaining Asiatics of the yellow and brown races in 1917, by the Barred Zone Act. These measures proved effective in all cases, save with the Japanese.

The difficulty was that while immigration from all other countries was regulated by general, or special, act of Congress, we permitted Japan, at her insistence, to regulate our immigration from that country. Under this agreement, as made by President Roosevelt, she was to exclude her people and prevent increase thereof in continental United States by her passport system, and to accomplish thereby, for Japanese immigration, a result similar to that secured for Chinese immigration through the exclusion act.

The plan has not worked satisfactorily; for while the Chinese, under the exclusion act, have decreased over one-half, the Japanese, under the "gentlemen's agreement," have multiplied. This fact, in addition to our inexcusable blunder in permitting a foreign nation to regulate immigration into this country, impelled Congress at this session to embody in the Immigration Act, a provision excluding as permanent residents all aliens ineligible to citizenship. Thus was woven into law the established national policy.

If it be decided that the privilege of naturalization (and necessarily that of immigration as well) shall be conceded to the Japanese, shall we extend those same privileges to all the yellow and brown races of Asia, comprising more than half the population of the globe, or only to the Japanese, who constitute about eight per cent of the excluded races? It would be suicidal to open our gates, now or in the future, to this immigration from Asia. On the other hand, to extend the privilege to the Japanese alone, would be an act of discrimination which would be bitterly and properly resented by all the other nationalities ineligible for

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citizenship, including the Chinese and Hindus, and make for us serious misunderstandings and ill-will.

We come now to a consideration of the reasons which have impelled this nation to maintain a uniform policy as to exclusion of the yellow and brown races from the privileges of immigration and naturalization. The fundamental reason for that policy is that the white race is not assimilable, in the broad sense of amalgamation, with any of the colored races, for many reasons now generally recognized; and that any attempt to place whites and yellows, or browns, together in numbers in the same environment, with equal legal, economic, and social rights, is certain to promote economic strife, racial differences, and final disaster.

President Roosevelt pointed this out frankly in his negotiations with Japan for an arrangement to exclude Japanese immigration. The way to maintain peace on the Pacific and to promote friendship and profitable commerce between Asia and America is, as he said, to "keep out of Japan those Americans who wish to settle and become part of the resident working population, and keep out of America those Japanese who wish to adopt a similar attitude," — and in "resident working population" he included, as he stated, not only laborers, but farmers, those in small trades, and professional men, in short anyone coming for permanent residence.

The propriety of that conclusion is conceded now by all who have made intelligent study of the subject, whether they be of the Caucasian race or not. Intermarriage between whites and yellows is forbidden in many States of the Union and is apparently regarded with disfavor by both sides (and without intermarriage there can be no amalgamation of races); while the Eurasian children of such intermarriages have no social standing with either race.

The differences between the yellow and the white races in standards of living, in ideals, religion, and psychology are so great that generations of association side by side will not obliterate them and permit that real assimilation, which is necessary to mould a homogeneous citizenry. Of all the yellow and brown races, the Japanese are, for a number of reasons, least assimilable with whites, and most dangerous to our citizenship if concentrated in numbers in this country. This is said in no offensive sense

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and is in fact rather a tribute to the strong racial characteristics which make them dangerous competitors, economically and racially, to a people of our standards, less homogeneous and less nationally disciplined.

With standards of living and high birth rate similar to other Asiatics, the Japanese combine great industry, determination, and ambition as individuals, with economic and racial coöperation and an intense loyalty and pride of race which declines to submerge their identity in that of another people. Their desire is not to merge themselves into the American people, but to establish the proud Yamato race permanently on the Western Continent; and their leaders and writers make no secret of that ambition.

The impracticability of assimilation between Japanese and whites is frankly conceded by many Japanese writers and by those who speak for the Japanese. In a brief prepared by me for consideration of the State Department at Washington, in October 1921, will be found reference to a number of these authorities, including Dr. Sidney Gulick in *Hawaii's American-Japanese Problem*, Iyenaga and Sato in *Japan and the California Problem*, Usami, Kondo, Harada, Sacamori, and others.

The Japanese Government forbids, in effect, the expatriation and assimilation with other nations, of Japanese, no matter where born. Under the law, no Japanese may expatriate after he is seventeen years of age; and before that time and after he is fifteen, only on application from his parents or guardians and with formal consent of the Home Government. That regulation applies even to the Japanese born in this country and claiming full rights of American citizenship.

Up to 1920, the estimated number of such American-born Japanese who had registered their claims for American citizenship was 90,000, of which exactly sixty-four had been permitted to expatriate, as shown by a statement issued by the Foreign Office in Tokyo.

These American-born Japanese were educated in separate Japanese schools in this country, or sent back to Japan to be trained as loyal Japanese citizens. It is estimated that there are 20,000 Hawaii-born Japanese, and 12,000 to 15,000 California-born Japanese, now in Japan, who will return to this country

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when between sixteen and nineteen years of age, and use thereafter, for the benefit of themselves and Japan, their rights as American-born citizens. In three years, ending July 1, 1922, 6649 California-born children left San Francisco for Japan for the purpose indicated, according to the Immigration Department records.

The separate language schools maintained in California and Hawaii for the purpose of training the Japanese children in Japanese ideals were declared by a survey commission of the Federal Educational Department to be "un-American if not anti-American" and their abolition recommended.

For reasons made apparent by the facts above stated, these American-born Japanese are declared to be only less unassimilable than their alien immigrant parents; and the suggestion has been made in consequence that we ought not to confer citizenship on everyone born in this country, regardless of his qualification at maturity for such responsibility. No other nation is so reckless in bestowal of citizenship.

Japan exacts from all Japanese in this country, — whether immigrant or American-born, — service, tax, and loyalty. She governs them through local Japanese associations which report to central associations at Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and these in turn are directed by resident Japanese consuls. Obedience of the individual is enforced through the power of the Consular Office to grant or refuse necessary certificates to him and his relatives, here and across the water, for travel and for business with Japan. It is the practice to grant these certificates only on assurance from a central or subsidiary association that the applicant is entitled thereto.*

These are wise measures in the interests of Japan, and illustrate the policy which has secured for her a national solidarity unique among the peoples of the earth; but they furnish conclusive evidence also that the Japanese constitute the most dangerous element which could be admitted to American citizenship, not because of lack of force or ability, but because their exceptional force and ability would be used not for America, but for Japan,

* See statement of Yoshi Kuno, Japanese Professor at University of California, in articles published in the Oakland *Tribune*, in October, 1920.

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and would tend ultimately and necessarily to the undoing of America and the white race.

The only arguments with which I am familiar in favor of granting naturalization to the Japanese are based on the plea that to recognize Japan's demand for racial equality and similar treatment for her nationals with Europeans, would promote a more friendly spirit between the two nations, would be of material benefit in building our commerce, would assist our missionaries in evangelizing the Japanese, and would be a proper recognition of the Christian spirit and brotherhood of man.

The defect in all these arguments is that they lose sight entirely of the paramount interest of this nation in moulding a citizenship as nearly homogeneous as possible, and protecting itself against dangers clearly foreseen and carefully guarded against by all other English-speaking peoples; and that they are based entirely on the demands or desires of Japan, or of some interest or activity influenced by Japan, or more concerned in its own aims than in the nation's welfare.

To recapitulate: The privilege of naturalization should not be granted to the Japanese because:

1. To do so would be in contravention of the nation's policy, followed since the Republic was established.
2. It would involve fundamental and similar change in our immigration policy.
3. The principle upon which this policy as to naturalization and immigration was founded was preservation of the country for the white race. The wisdom of that policy is now generally conceded, and finds ample justification in our own experience and in the more stringent observance of a similar policy by all other English-speaking peoples.
4. To grant naturalization to the Japanese, we must either throw our gates open to all Asiatics, or incur the ill-will of most of them through a discrimination in favor of the Japanese. It would be difficult to say which course would prove more disastrous in the end.
5. The Japanese, of all races ineligible to American citizenship, and because of their strong racial characteristics, would prove most dangerous to the economic and racial prosperity of the Nation, if admitted.
6. The arguments in favor of conceding the privilege of naturalization to Japanese are based on Japan's demands or desires, or on the urge of interests which disregard the welfare of the Nation, or give it second place to their own aims.

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II — OUR UNFAIR DISCRIMINATION

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

THERE is no historical support for the assumption that a Japanese will always remain faithful to his traditional allegiance and fail to adopt the ideals of an alien civilization, argues Professor Buell, who sees no reason for denying to educated Japs a privilege granted to many ignorant members of Asiatic, Mongolian, African, and mixed or dubious races. He believes in maintaining the exclusion policy, but in granting naturalization to individually qualified Japanese who are permanent residents in the country.

EVER since 1908 the exclusion of Japanese immigration from the United States has been a settled policy; and under no circumstances should this policy be changed. If the privilege of naturalization is extended to the Japanese, it should only be on the express condition that the policy of exclusion is continued and in an ironclad form. But at the present time, there are between 110,000 and 150,000 Japanese residents in this country. And the question of what treatment should be accorded these residents is quite distinct from that of future immigration.

In 1790 Congress passed an act conferring the privilege of naturalization upon "any alien being a free white person",— a phrase which has been re-embodied in subsequent legislation. Originally this phrase was undoubtedly used to exclude from citizenship Indians and negro slaves. In 1882 Congress passed a law expressly denying the privilege of naturalization to the Chinese, but it has never passed such an act in regard to the Japanese. It has been the contention of the Japanese that, from the racial standpoint, they are "free white persons." Some naturalization courts were so impressed by this argument that in 1910 there were more than four hundred naturalized Japanese in the United States. But in the Ozawa case of November, 1922, the Supreme Court denied the contention that Japanese were free white persons and labeled them ineligible to citizenship. Refusing to inquire into the scientific aspect of the question, the court ruled that the words "white persons" meant what the ordinary man in the street considered them to mean — the Caucasian — whoever that mysterious individual may be. Consequently, Japanese today are denied the privilege of naturaliza-

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tion, because of obscure words employed by Congress a hundred and thirty-four years ago, at a time when there were no Japanese in the country and probably before Congress had ever heard of Japan.

If the Fathers did intend to limit citizenship to "whites" as we understand them, their policy has been violated more than it has been observed. In 1870 Congress expressly authorized the naturalization of persons of African nativity. We call Chinese and Japanese "Mongolian," but some courts naturalize Lapps, Finns, Cossacks, Magyars, Syrians, Turks, Armenians, Parsees, and Bulgarians, all of whom are of Asiatic or Mongolian origin. According to other courts, ten million Filipinos, including the Moros, are eligible to citizenship if they take up residence in a State or incorporated Territory. The Act of May, 1918 specifically made Filipinos who had served in the army eligible. The twelve thousand Chamorros inhabiting our possession of Guam and Mexican half-breeds may likewise acquire American citizenship. Chinese inhabiting Hawaii before 1898 are citizens of the United States.

Whole Indian tribes have been collectively naturalized by treaty; since 1887 Congress has made provision for the individual naturalization of Indians, and on June 2, 1924 the President approved an act granting citizenship to all non-citizen Indians born within the United States. In 1917 an act expressly conferred American citizenship upon the negro-Spanish inhabitants of Porto Rico which, according to the Supreme Court, "enabled them to move into the continental United States and, becoming citizens of any State, there to enjoy every right of every other citizen of the United States, civil, social, and political." What could be more absurd than to make eligible to American citizenship naked cannibals of Africa and head-hunting Igorots and deny the same privilege to the most highly educated Japanese?

Worst inconsistency of all, — the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States makes every child born here, whether yellow, black, or white, an American citizen and entitled to all privileges of citizenship. A Japanese born one mile north of the Canadian boundary may never become an American citizen, although he is educated in American schools and spends the rest of his life in the United States. A Japanese born south

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of the boundary becomes automatically an American citizen, whether he likes it or not. Surely the "racial test" for citizenship has led to a morass from which the combined erudition of the anthropologists and jurists has not been able to extricate us.

It is the popular belief, in some circles at least, that a Japanese possesses certain inherent characteristics which make it utterly impossible for him to understand or participate in democratic institutions. Whether because of the squint in his eye or the excessive nationalism of his government, the individual Japanese, according to this belief, will always remain the faithful slave of a theocratic Emperor. It should be needless to point out that there is no psychological, biological, or historic evidence to support such a conception. Differences in civilization are cultural. They may be modified by environment, as the whole history of Japan proves.

Far from having a unique civilization, Japan has borrowed from the outside world most of those institutions which are popularly supposed to constitute the inherent fibre of Japanese life. She adopted ancestor worship from China and Buddhism from Korea. In 645 A.D. she transplanted the entire Chinese system of administration to Japanese soil. The first Japanese law code was borrowed from China; and so was the Japanese oath of allegiance and even the design on the royal robes. The idea of patriotism never had a hold on Japan until nearly the close of the feudal period. And the idea of Emperor Worship, — found generally in Oriental countries, — was artificially stimulated by the Elder Statesmen in the nineteenth century so as to break the shock in which sudden contact with the west had resulted.

The revolution of 1867 overthrew the institution of feudalism and the Shogunate, — the occupant of which had been ex-officio King. During the Meiji Era, Japan has almost entirely made over her system of government, industry, and education. In adopting European and American methods of militarism, Japan has shown the greatest facility of all. Today her institutions are still in flux. In 1921 the Japanese Crown Prince broke a tradition twenty-five centuries old by leaving Japanese soil to hob-nob with the Prince of Wales in London. Some time ago Baron Chiaki lamented in the House of Peers that "The national ideas which

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proved so unassailable in the past were thrown into chaos at the present moment." According to Japanese pastors, Mikadoism among many farmers and coolies is a "polite myth." The new Shinto sect of Omoto-kyo even dared to deny the sovereignty of the Emperor, while the recent attempt to assassinate the Prince Regent was unprecedented blasphemy.

So inconsiderate is the Japanese Cabinet of the old tenets of Emperor Worship that in February, 1923 it actually proposed sending a diplomatic representative to the Vatican! The reception given by Japan to the World Sunday School convention in Tokyo in October, 1920, was another illustration of Japan's desire to come in contact with Western thought. Japan is the only nation in the Orient to rid itself of the opium evil. Japan is the only nation of non-white people to be recognized as a great power. If 56,000,000 people can modify themselves and their institutions in this extraordinary fashion, it is not unreasonable to believe that 60,000 or 70,000 foreign-born Japanese living in a country inhabited by 110,000,000 Americans, can adjust themselves, with the proper stimulus, to American life.

Much has been made of the fact that Japanese living abroad remain Japanese citizens and liable to service in the Japanese army. But the Japanese government is no different in this respect from most of the governments of Europe and of South America. In the Expatriation Act of 1916 Japan made it possible for a Japanese acquiring foreign citizenship to lose Japanese nationality. If, however, the applicant is over the age of seventeen, he cannot become expatriated without first serving his time in the Japanese army. Despite this restriction, the Japanese expatriation law is much more liberal than the famous Delbrück law of 1913 whereby Germans could retain both German and foreign citizenship. But naturally no Japanese alien living in the United States would want to give up the protection of the Japanese government until he could become an American citizen. As long as the United States withholds this privilege, there will be a body of aliens in this country with foreign allegiance, exempt from our military service and entitled to the protection of a government abroad. If we should extend naturalization privileges to Japanese, the present restrictions on expatriation could be removed by treaty, — the United States having entered into

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thirty odd treaties with other countries for this purpose, — or by legislation on the part of Japan, which is already being discussed.

Compared with dozens of alien groups in this country, Japanese rank remarkably well. One California official testifies that "The Japanese in Los Angeles are well-housed. . . . Indeed, they are often more satisfactory in this regard than the lower classes of Americans." In 1910 the United States Immigration Commission reported that the standard of living of the Japanese in California does not differ materially from that of the poorer Germans and Russians. Between 1916–18, only 64 Japanese out of a total of 6,949 were admitted to the insane asylum of California, although the Japanese constitute nearly three per cent of the population of the State. In 1914 the California county jails contained 31,572 prisoners, of which only 168 were Japanese. They contained eighteen times as many Mexicans, six times as many negroes, and four times as many Chinese, despite the fact that with the exception of the Mexicans, the Japanese outnumber all these groups.

The Japanese population on the Pacific Coast is singularly free from the tong-wars and other immoralities to which our Chinatowns are proverbially addicted. As far as literacy is concerned, the Japanese rank above the Chinese, Italians, Slovaks, Poles, Greeks, and Croats. About three times as many Japanese in California know English as Mexicans. All but eight of the 332 Japanese households visited by the Immigration Commission took a newspaper. There are at present twenty Japanese book stores in California, carrying American as well as Oriental literature.

Intelligence tests recently made of 568 Japanese children in California by Professor M. L. Darsie, Dean of Teachers College, Los Angeles, show that Japanese children are markedly inferior to Americans in tests where language plays an important part,— which is quite natural; but that they are equal or superior to Americans in tests of reasoning power or of memory. They also showed that the Japanese in California are as a group somewhat inferior in intelligence to Northern Europeans, but markedly superior to Southern Europeans; that in application and rote learning the Japanese are probably superior to any European group as well as native Americans; and that in "social-moral" traits they equaled other groups.

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While the Japanese possess many admirable characteristics, they differ so widely from American groups that the exclusion of Japanese immigrants must always be a necessity. But this is no reason why a Japanese permanently resident in the United States should not be given the opportunity to prove his individual worth for citizenship. Naturalization would not mean racial marriage, or that America would be turned over to half-castes. We allow Mexicans and negroes to vote but we don't admit them into our drawing rooms. The young scions of Back Bay seldom wed the debutantes of South Boston; but nobody has used this lack of connubiality as an argument to deprive either of the ballot.

Although the Japanese population is more widely separated from American "culture" than European groups, it has put forth surprising and almost pathetic efforts toward assimilation. In order to overcome the handicap of homes in which English is imperfectly spoken, Japanese have organized English kindergartens in San Francisco, in charge of American teachers. The Japanese Y. W. C. A. conducts English and cooking classes in leading cities on the Pacific Coast. In Wapato, Washington, an American woman has been engaged, at the suggestion of the American Missionary Association, to live three days at a time in Japanese families to instruct them in American ways of living. The Japanese Salvation Army has carried on notable anti-gambling crusades. Japanese boy scout troops have been organized in Sacramento, Watsonville, and Los Angeles. Japanese churches have conducted Daily Vacation Bible Schools. Only 8,500 out of the 150,000 Japanese in this country are professed Buddhists. And they are meeting the opposition of a Japanese organization called the "Patriotic Volunteer Anti-Buddhist League." At the present time there are 167 Christian missions and churches for the Japanese on the Pacific Coast with a total membership of 5,390. During the world war, the Japanese of California contributed a total of $2,648,800 to Liberty bond campaigns.

Whatever may be the present attitude of the foreign-born Japanese in America, their children born here are rapidly adjusting themselves to American life. At the suggestion of former Ambassador Morris, Mr. Paul Waterhouse sent out a questionnaire to some two thousand American-born Japanese. The replies showed that practically all the Japanese children were attending

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American public schools and nearly two-thirds attended a Protestant Sunday school. Thirty-five per cent gave their religion as Christian, and nineteen per cent as Buddhist. Seventy-seven per cent of those who answered the questionnaire stated that they did not wish to follow their father's occupation. One need only inquire into the progress of Japanese children in American schools to find that Buddhism has scant hold on them, that Emperor Worship is ridiculed, and that "Me 'Melican Boy" is a phrase which denotes a swelling pride in the institutions under which they are now sheltered.

No sensible person would advocate the indiscriminate naturalization of Japanese, whether coolies or "picture-brides." Japanese aliens should be admitted to American citizenship only in case they satisfy an *individual* rather than a racial test. Before the Act of 1906, the requirements for naturalization in the United States were extremely lax and naturalization was accompanied frequently by great fraud. At the present time an applicant for citizenship must have lived here for five years; speak the English language; have a "good moral character"; and be "attached to the principles of the Constitution" and "well disposed toward the good order and happiness of the United States." These provisions are so vague and platitudinous that naturalization depends very largely upon the court concerned. While the Division of Citizenship Training of the Bureau of Naturalization has done effective work, no specific educational requirements for naturalization are as yet exacted.

Whether or not the racial bar to naturalization is removed, the individual requirements should be increased in at least three respects: (1) a specific educational test should be required to determine the alien's knowledge of American history and institutions; (2) the testimony of his acquaintances, — neighbors, employer, merchants, religious and social workers, and public officials, — should be taken to determine their opinion as to the applicant's worthiness; (3) an intelligence test should be applied to determine not only the quantity but the quality of intelligence with particular reference to race. The exact character of this test should be left to the psychologists, — a committee of the National Research Council is already working on a racial intelligence test of this nature.

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Subjected to such naturalization requirements, only a few thousand Japanese would be admitted to American citizenship. Inferior members not only of the Japanese but of all other races would be excluded. Since the Cable Act of September, 1922, the naturalization of a man does not include his wife, — so Japanese women would be obliged to take the tests separately. But such a test would not be racial; it would be individual.

This question must necessarily be considered also from the objective standpoint. If the racial bar to naturalization is removed, the California land law denying property rights to aliens ineligible to citizenship would fall to the ground. But this would not stop the Pacific Coast from passing land laws applying to *all* aliens. And the chief reason why the California legislature adopted a discriminatory measure in 1913 was because of the lobbying of influential European oil and mining interests. It is true that a naturalized Japanese could acquire land upon the same basis as an ordinary American. But only a limited number of Japanese could pass the naturalization tests; while the amount of land each could hold should be limited by statute. Likewise the danger of unfair competition could be averted by laws in regard to Sunday work, hours of labor, and sanitation. At their height, the Japanese controlled only three per cent of the farm land of California; and they monopolized only truck-farming. It is inconceivable that naturalized Japanese could seriously compete with white farmers in the staple crops, — citrus fruits, walnuts, etc., — the strength of the Japanese farmer consists only in his resistance to burning sun and in his ability to work continuously in a stooping position which the cultivation of only a few products require.

As a matter of fact, the land laws of the Pacific Coast are no protection whatever against the Japanese "menace." They are very difficult to enforce. When the Supreme Court last fall declared "croppage contracts" illegal, white landlords resorted to "bonuses" to accomplish the same end. Moreover, a Japanese child born in this country is an American citizen because of the Fourteenth Amendment. Upon coming of age, he may acquire land upon the same basis as any other American citizen. According to the census of 1920, 27.2 per cent of the Japanese population here has been born in this country. It is only a matter of

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a few years, therefore, before this anti-alien legislation will be totally worthless.

It has finally dawned on the anti-Japanese leaders that the Fourteenth Amendment will soon defeat their entire pin-pricking policy. Accordingly they propose an amendment to exclude from American citizenship children born here of parents themselves ineligible, — namely, they would prevent Japanese children born in the United States from being Americans. From the practical standpoint, the adoption of such an amendment is inconceivable. It would overturn a principle of law and policy followed in Anglo-Saxon countries since the balmy days of the common law. It would overthrow a principle embodied in the first Civil Rights Act and in the Fourteenth Amendment. It would be a confession that the assimilative influence of American democracy had failed. The passage of such an amendment would be a final and supreme insult to Japan.

Even if the land laws are enforced, the problem would not be solved. The Japanese will only enter the cities where their presence will cause more friction than ever. In a recent number of the "Overland Monthly," Mr. V. S. McClatchy pointed out that the Japanese are not leaving California as a result of this legislation. If this is true, the only effect of a "pin-pricking" policy is to antagonize the Japanese here toward American institutions and the American people,— without causing them to leave. As a result of the recent Supreme Court decisions, thousands of Japanese on the Pacific Coast have been deprived of a customary means of livelihood and reduced to the ranks of day laborers. Whether or not this is justified from the American standpoint, it certainly will not diminish the "menace" of this Japanese population. As the Commissioner of Naturalization said in his 1919 report, many people have become convinced that "a large alien population constitutes an element of insecurity to the peace and order of civil society, and that it is to the interest of those alien friends who have established permanent residence here to assume the obligations and duties as well as to enjoy the privileges and protection of American institutions." The only danger to the Pacific Coast is the danger of future immigration which may be removed by an effective exclusion policy. The best "protection" against the Japanese population now here, is not the policy

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of "niggerizing the Jap" which will result quite differently than in the case of the negro; but it is a policy of conciliation which will raise the Japanese standard of living until unfair competition will no longer be feared, and which will coördinate the Japanese now here to American life. But this latter policy will succeed only when the Japanese may look to American citizenship as a goal.

Other countries have been more careful not to set up racial discriminations than ourselves. In Japan there is no racial bar to naturalization. Following the World War, ten of the States of Europe signed minority treaties in which each promised not to discriminate against residents on account of race. A similar provision guaranteeing equality of treatment has been inserted in the "A" and "B" mandates of the League of Nations.

Japan and the United States are equal members of the Family of Nations. Upon the relationship of these two countries, the future of the Pacific and of Asia depends. The principle of exclusion is of mutual advantage to both nations, and it has long been recognized by the Japanese government. But the people of Japan will never be on the most friendly terms with the people of the United States as long as we brand the most highly educated Japanese, living permanently in the United States, as unfit for American citizenship. If we limited naturalization privileges strictly to Caucasians, we might explain this bar on the ground of "racial difference." But when we admit to citizenship Mexicans, negroes, Indians, Filipinos, and Turks, this defense falls to the ground; and we impose upon the Japanese a contemptuous brand of racial inferiority which they will resent simply because it is based either on ignorance or bigotry. As long as this bar to naturalization is retained the coöperation of the American and Japanese people, upon which the future of half the world depends, can never be genuine. The abolition of the racial in favor of a high individual test would improve the quality of American citizenship. It would be a stately gesture immeasurably increasing America's influence not only in the Orient but throughout the entire world.

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THE CRISIS OF GERMAN DEMOCRACY

MORITZ BONN

ECONOMICALLY Germany is divided into two camps, the Socialists and the believers in private property. Neither is strong enough to force its policy upon its opponent; each has enough power to block the schemes of the other. In this deadlock the nation is a prey alternately to many factions. Parliament is not free to act; it can at best accept or protest against ultimata imposed from the outside. This condition is at the base of the crisis of German democracy, in the opinion of this distinguished observer.

THE elections of last May were merely the outward sign of the crisis German Democracy is passing through. They by no means verified the fears of pessimists, for in a house of 471 there are not 150 Nationalists of all colors; but they did fail to result in a clear majority even on the basis of a coalition, thus making parliamentary government very difficult indeed. This crisis is not due to an inherent incapacity of the German people for democratic forms of government. Forms of government are after all appreciated by the mass of the people, not for the principles upon which they are constructed, but by the practical results they seem to furnish. From the point of view of a large section of the German people the Democratic Republic, with its system of parliamentary majority rule, has so far "not delivered the goods." It has failed in foreign affairs to bring about the real permanent settlement which the sorely tried people are in need of after a ten years' upheaval. It has not brought the millennium which the leaders of the revolution in 1918 dangled before the eyes of a war-tired nation.

When Germans remember the days of the Monarchy, when their country was respected and they were fairly well off, and when they compare with them their present situation, their poverty and the want staring them in the face, the impudence of a victor who sets his heel on sixteen millions of their compatriots and whose only excuse is that he is in a blind funk, they naturally look back longingly to those better days and to the form of government existing at that time. If the Allies had really meant to make the world safe for democracy, they either ought to have treated German Democracy with the consideration due to a nation struggling for light; or, if they were convinced that the Germans are cursed with a double dose of original sin, they ought to

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have reinstated William II, making him the scapegoat for his people's suffering, instead of providing him with a convenient alibi and the laurels of a comfortable martyrdom in exile.

Notwithstanding this, the mass of the German people have not turned monarchists. The out-and-out monarchists in parliament, including the Bavarians, number but 120 out of 471. And even these monarchists indulge only in a general advocacy of monarchy. Outside Bavaria there is little enthusiasm for any pretender, and even in Bavaria the last elections showed that the parties hoping for a return of Prince Rupprecht as King of Bavaria are in a hopeless minority. But a considerable part of the German people are disgusted with the general situation at home and abroad; they have lost faith in their institutions, as they have not produced a leader who could take them to the promised land, and they are willing to accept such a leader whenever he presents himself.

Parliamentary government has really a double object. It is a method of deciding differences of opinion between groups of people by means of debate and ballot. It is moreover a system of evolving by a series of siftings, the leaders the people are in need of. In neither direction has the German parliamentary system been very successful so far. The questions which have to be solved today are gigantic. Even if the members of the German Parliament were the best and wisest men a nation ever elected, they could not settle these questions to their constituents' complete satisfaction. For Germany is only *pro forma* a sovereign country today; very nearly a third of her people and a good deal more than a third of her natural resources are *de facto* controlled by foreign generals. The most important issues up to now have not been freely decided by the German Government, but forced upon it in the form of more or less veiled ultimata. The sovereignty of the German Republic today amounts merely to a choice between registering a decree of the Ambassador's Conference in Paris, or some similar body, and not registering it, in which case it will be mulcted by new encroachments. The German Parliament talks; it is not free to act. It can at best protest.

Moreover throughout the world government by discussions has been discredited. Before the war the statesman's ultimate aim was that international conflicts should be settled by confer-

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ence and not by concourse of arms. At present development is running in the opposite direction. War breeds a type of man gifted for action and nothing else. Some of them are strong silent men, who can afford to despise argument because a real intuition shows them the road to success. Most soldiers, officers as well as men, have been trained to act without argument; they, like the rest of mankind, are not very good at reasoning, but they are inclined to look upon their shortcomings in that direction as positive advantages. They are inclined to follow their feelings, and it is easy enough to sway those feelings, especially for the men who have led them in battle. Before the war statesmen were trying hard to unravel the Gordian knot of foreign affairs. At present many a tyro considering himself a would-be Alexander, is advocating the cutting of the knot in home affairs.

Owing to the hopelessness of the general situation, this development (clearly visible even in other countries, — the Ku-Klux Klan, the Fascisti, and the different German secret organizations differ from each other in degree only) has become very strong in Germany. The old army had to be completely disbanded. The many military professionals on the peace establishment and the far more numerous class of officers trained by the war have lost their jobs. A great number of them have successfully entered into civil life, but many retain the military spirit, whilst others, especially the restless ones, with no very high qualifications for the arts of peace, feel *déclassés*. Owing to the loss of the colonies and the stringent immigration legislation of most countries, the door is shut on those restless spirits. To them the disarmament of Germany is not merely a national humiliation; it is a personal outrage. They have no difficulty in spreading the belief that, but for the revolution, victory was within the grasp of the German army; and that the armistice and the disbanding of the army is due entirely to the want of patriotism of socialistic agitators who betrayed Germany to her enemies. The different Republican governments of Germany are to them the lineal descendants of these international traitors.

These men form the natural bodyguard of leaders like Ludendorff who, conscious of their great military gifts, bitterly feel the failure to win victory, which would have put them in line with Frederick the Great and Napoleon, and who must search for

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outward reasons for their failure, lest they be crushed by the weight of their responsibilities. And they find their best allies among that huge mass of people dislocated by two revolutions, the political revolution of 1918, which socially meant the rise of the working class to a position of equality with their quondam betters, and the social disintegration following inflation, which practically destroyed the middle class, especially its cultured components.

Loudest among them are the youth of the country, the boys and girls who were in school during the great war, who, with the elasticity of youth, have forgotten such bodily sufferings as they may have undergone, and to whom war is nothing but glory. They know nothing of the trenches, nothing of tanks and poison gas; they feel cheated of their right of playing at soldiers. For the Treaty of Versailles, — that wonderful document of short sighted psychology, — forbids the training of soldiers in schools and universities. German boys cannot go to the colonies to fight; all the outlets to juvenile warlike romanticism are closed to them by order of the Allies, whose commissioners go around among the few barracks left to Germany, searching for hidden guns and secret drillings. Pacifism might have won a foothold in Germany if the beauties of peace could be shown to the German people; as it is one hears all over Germany the strutting of the French sentries and the reverberating steps of the marching of their colored troops. Is it so wonderful that young people laugh at the gospel of peace and come to the conclusion that physical force alone is of any use, that might is right and that they are going to get that might as soon as the drivelers on the government benches are kicked out?

War, at least in continental Europe, has had one far-reaching result: it has killed faith. Its teachings are contrary to the Christian religion. This did not matter very much in the olden days when wars were professional affairs, fought by more or less professional soldiers. Even if they did not believe in God, this was not very serious for the nation. But when whole nations are imbued with the belief that their interests are the only thing that matters, when they are willing to spend their lives and the lives of their enemies by the million for their national ideals, their God becomes a mere tribal God. During the war each nation has

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monopolized God to such a degree that they have virtually abolished Him as a universal institution. Nothing remains over but the passionate feeling for one's nation, the instinct of one's being different from the rest of mankind. It is a return to the Italian Renaissance, when Macchiavelli expressed his contempt for the mediaeval system of international Catholicism by reminding his countrymen of the *virtu* of the Romans. Nay it is a recrudescence of the old Jewish idea of a tribal Jehovah, whom his people monopolize; who watches His people and His people only. It is one of history's many ironies that this religious conception, under the heading of a new Christianity, is advocated by the German Racial Party, whose prime instinct is Antisemitism, and who are so blind in their hatred of the Old Testament as to become completely oblivious of having taken from it one of its most important pages.

It is this appeal to national emotion, this hatred of reason and common sense, this contempt for a God-ordained order of things, and the belief in one's individual and national power to shape the fate of events without regard to any intelligible system, which characterizes the mentality of a good many modern youths, be they German or Italian, be they Fascisti or Communists. And from this mentality there arises the bitter contempt for rational institutions like Parliament and Democracy, and the yearning for a hero, a leader who is not responsible to anybody, who does not reason, who merely acts, who in the words of Oliver Cromwell is of opinion that "he goes furthest who does not know whither he goes."

Democratic parliamentarism as a method for selecting leaders stands of course in strong contrast to the ideals of old established bureaucracies. In a thoroughly organized bureaucracy men have to show their examination certificates, a system modified in old established countries by birth certificates. Naturally enough a bureaucracy accustomed to real leadership in the State is inwardly hostile to the system of parliamentary selection. If carried out to its logical consequences as in England, it practically bars them from the highest posts. In Germany the system has been far more elastic, without however completely doing away with the silent antagonism of the bureaucracy. At its best a bureaucracy is capable of producing first class specialists, not accus-

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tomed to shoulder heavy responsibilities; at its worst, mere formalists with a purely legal view of problems. It is not meant to furnish great leaders, for great leaders must be men driven on by inspiration, not splendidly equipped pieces of an efficient administrative mechanism, constructed for the purpose of repetitive action. It is no accident that the now fallen idol of Bavarian Nationalism — Herr von Kahr — was a first class official, on a rather limited scale. He has completely disappointed his admirers in his striving after a national dictatorship, for successful red-tapeism is not a very sound training for an Oliver Cromwell or a Frederick the Great. It does not breed genius, it rather crushes it.

Parliamentarism, on the other hand, in a country like Germany, where before the revolution parliamentarians of all sorts had little chance of attaining office, can at its best produce great leaders of men, who are apt, however, to be dilettantes in the technique of their offices; at its worst, empty talkers and wire pullers. Things being what they are, the German Parliament has produced few men of surpassing ability, but the same must be said of the German bureaucracy. Broadly speaking, Germany is the country where the average efficiency of the educated classes is probably higher than in any competing country, owing to a very careful training. But there has always been a lack of first class men for civil political leadership. The army on the one hand, big business on the other hand, have lately attracted the majority of men of executive genius, and under modern circumstances the army is quite as bad a preparation for constructive statesmanship as is big business. The army relies on authority, whilst big business is rarely able to take into account other motives than the desire for profit.

Owing to the absence of political training, economic considerations have overshadowed political life in Germany for many years. Though some remnants of religious strife and political antagonism are powerful dividing lines in the formation of parties, the main dividing lines today have become economic. The revolution after all was the work of the Socialists, though on its political side the Socialist program was the work of radical Liberalism. The Socialists consider themselves a class party, though they do not exclude anybody willing to subscribe to their

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tenets. The bulk of their voters are organized trade-unionists. Again and again trade-unionism has saved Germany from bolshevistic experiments; it prevented the revolution from debauching into wild anarchy; it kept the German people from accepting the Russian Council system, and enabled them to give themselves the Democratic Weimar Constitution of August 11, 1919. The Socialist Party has remained a workingman's party to a much greater degree than has the Labor Party in England. It very nearly succeeded in getting a majority at the first German elections; it failed to do so on account of the foundation of the Democratic Party, which drew to it the numerous bourgeois Radicals of those days.

The Socialists were for a long time the strongest party in Germany, especially after the reunion of both wings, which had separated during the war; but they had no working majority. They had to go in for a series of coalitions with other parties. In doing so they had to shelve their principles. They could not very well force their socialistic creed on parties violently opposed to Socialism. They succeeded in improving the fate of the workingman considerably, when compared to that of the other classes, but that improvement was merely relative; it was much more due to a decline of the standards of comfort of the middle class than to the progress of the working class. It did not outlast the period of inflation. In carrying out the work of government, the German Socialists have deserved the gratitude of the nation, for without their support no stable government could ever have been formed. In doing so they had to sacrifice the ideal part of their program. As they stood for order and moderate progress, they have given a chance to the Communists to appeal to that section of mankind, who after centuries of tribulation are still willing to act on the belief that "man does not live by bread alone," a section growing in bulk at a time when bread rations are rather scanty. They have shouldered political responsibilities rather bravely but they have funked economic responsibility. They talked a great deal of the nationalization of industry; they appointed two powerful commissions to enquire into its possibility, producing bulky learned reports, a monument to German thoroughness, but no legislation.

The Socialists let the German businessmen shoulder the re-

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sponsibility for the reconstruction of business life, and these naturally made the most of it. It was impossible to carry out the Treaty of Versailles without the coöperation of the German mine owners, for the German Government did not own the coal it had to deliver to France. The result was that the execution of the Treaty of Peace became dependent on private individuals, whose political power was thus enormously increased. They formed of course a minority in Parliament, but they controlled production. They had made a lot of money during the war and during the period of inflation. They used it lavishly for organizing their supporters. They and the big landed proprietors financed the Anti-Socialist movement all over Germany. They bought newspapers and furnished the funds for Radical Nationalist movements, like the Hitler Party, in the hope of creating a bodyguard willing to put down not only a Communist rising, but strong enough to break the back of the Labor movement. They have sown the wind and they are reaping the whirlwind. For the Hitler people, whom their money organized, are no longer willing to restrict their warfare to attacks on Jewish capitalism; they are out now for anti-capitalism all round.

On the other hand, their onslaught on the eight-hour day and their ruthless cutting of wages after inflation had depleted the funds of the trade unions has been a godsend to the Communists. Big business interests, moreover, became the rallying ground for the discontented German middle class, especially the intellectuals, who bitterly resented their own social and political eclipse compared to the rise of the working class.

Economically Germany is thus divided into two main camps, the Socialists and the believers in private property. Neither of them is strong enough to force its policy on its opponent; each of them has enough power to prevent the adversary from carrying out his schemes. The proportional franchise existing in Germany makes a landslide, giving a strong majority to a single party, almost impossible. The result is a kind of permanent deadlock. Natural majorities are not forthcoming and as majority government is essential to the existing system, unnatural majorities are formed. Economic interests are predominant; one party is mainly interested in prices and profits, the other in wages and hours of work. And the outcome of it all is a never-ceasing haggling over

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economic points and a preponderance of purely materialistic interests. That is the main reason why parliamentarism has become discredited among the men of action and the dreamers of dreams. There is a danger of politics developing into nothing but a highly organized system of log-rolling. The German nation is not going to stand it. They have forgotten for some time, under the influence of wonderful material prosperity before the war and under the impact of economic consequences afterwards, that they were once called "the nation of poets and thinkers." They are not doing much hard thinking yet, but the feeling is spreading rapidly that there has been too much business and too much vocationalism.

A nation is not a mere addition of all trades and professions. It is a living being, and the crisis of German Democracy is due to the fact that her trades and professions have occasionally forgotten it. If there were no foreign ills which Germany herself can neither kill nor cure, it might be said without any fear of undue optimism that the loud discontent with the present state of German Democracy is the first sign of recovery. As Germany, however, is not a sovereign State, notwithstanding the outward emblems of sovereignty, her fate and the fate of Europe cannot be decided by her own wisdom.

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EDWARD VII AND A PROPHECY

HENRY WICKHAM STEED

SIXTEEN years ago, when talk of Anglo-German rivalry was in the air, a singularly accurate prediction was made by Clemenceau to the author of this reminiscence. Some days later Clemenceau repeated his convictions in a conversation with King Edward, who borrowed Mr. Steed's notes and used them as a record of his own exchange of views with the French statesman. The episode vividly conjures up the flavor of diplomacy in the days when Wilhelm II and Franz Josef were in control of Central Europe.

KING EDWARD had left London on August 10, 1908, to pay his Jubilee visit of congratulation to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl on August 13th, and had met the German Emperor at Kronberg. English apprehensions had been aroused by the constant increase of the German Navy which was being rapidly strengthened by battleships and cruisers of a type designed to operate against an enemy near the German coast. In England, a contest was raging between the advocates of the "two-power standard," and those of a smaller navy. Mr. Lloyd George, who had become Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet which Mr. Asquith had formed in April upon the retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was understood to be a "Little Navyite," whereas Mr. Reginald McKenna, who had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, held that unquestioned predominance at sea was a vital British necessity. During a short visit to London at the end of July, I had been introduced by a popular member of the Conservative Party to Mr. Lloyd George and had found him disinclined to listen to arguments in favor of the two-power standard. He had, however, made so singular an impression upon me that I said to my Conservative friend, "That man will one day be your leader."

"Nonsense," he replied. "Lloyd George is a nice fellow but an almost revolutionary demagogue. You may know a lot about foreign affairs but you do not know English politics."

"Possibly," I answered. "Lloyd George may be a demagogue but he does not strike me as particularly Liberal; and I do not think his present Radicalism will stand in his way."

In London, people were also discussing a proposal for an Anglo-German naval holiday, or an agreement for the maintenance unaltered of the respective naval positions of the two countries, —

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a discussion that had been stimulated by a letter which the German Emperor had written in March to Lord Tweedmouth, the First Lord of the Admiralty in the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet. It was, besides, an open secret that King Edward favored the idea of a friendly agreement that would mitigate Anglo-German rivalry at sea; and when the King met the German Emperor at Kronberg it was surmised that the possibility of an agreement would be discussed between them.

As usual, I went to Ischl and Marienbad for the King's visit. The Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, who had traveled with the King from Linz, told me, soon after his arrival at Ischl that, to his distress, he would be transferred from Vienna to Berlin in November. The King had, it appeared, suggested to the German Emperor that Sir Fairfax Cartwright, then Minister at Munich, should succeed Sir Frank Lascelles at Berlin; and, as the suggestion had not been well received on account of Sir Fairfax Cartwright's alleged anti-German tendencies, the name of Sir Edward Goschen had been put forward and been welcomed by the German Emperor. Sir Edward was almost in tears. "I shall have to go," he said. "I cannot refuse the King. But I have felt at home in Vienna and I am certain that my mission to Berlin will end in failure, for there will be no means of avoiding catastrophe. The German Emperor will not listen to our proposals for a naval arrangement, and he pretends that we, not the Germans, are forcing the pace. Germany is the innocent lamb whom we are accusing of troubling our waters. If he goes on in that way, a conflict between us and Germany is only a question of time."

Soon after King Edward left Ischl, it was evident that things had not gone much more smoothly between him and the Emperor Francis Joseph than they had gone at Kronberg. Francis Joseph had been deaf to the King's appeal that he should use his good offices to persuade the German Emperor of the danger of unrestricted naval rivalry between Germany and England. As a matter of fact, the German Emperor had forestalled the King by informing the Emperor Francis Joseph of the Kronberg conversations, and had persuaded him that King Edward's real object was to isolate Germany. The King was sorely disappointed and, shortly afterward, he gave me at Marienbad indirect proof of his annoyance. Late one evening a telephone message from

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Vienna warned me that the Emperor Francis Joseph had caught a severe chill and that pneumonia was feared. Supposing that the King would wish at once to inquire by a personal telegram to the Emperor, I informed his equerry. Next day the King thanked me for the news but added, coldly, "I have told Goschen to enquire." Then, changing the subject, he asked what I thought of the political outlook.

"This country, sir, is getting ready to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina, and I think we ought soon to make up our minds about it," I said.

"I cannot believe that," the King replied. "It would upset the whole of Europe. What proof have you? The Emperor Francis Joseph gave me no hint of anything of the sort. No, I cannot believe that."

"I have no proof, sir," I answered, "but it is in the air. In fact, I was sounded about it not long ago by an influential Austrian official who would not have spoken as he spoke unless the idea were pretty ripe."

"I still think you are wrong," the King replied. "Surely the Emperor would have said something to me."

This was on August 15th, two days after the King's arrival at Marienbad, and three days before the decision to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina was taken at Vienna on the Emperor's birthday. None of the Austrian dignitaries whom the King entertained to the usual birthday banquet on August 18th seemed to be aware of what was going on, and my only recollections of the banquet are that the King was in an especially gracious mood, and that Sir Edward Goschen asked me to play golf with him on the morrow. Early next day I happened, however, to get a note from the Secretary of M. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, to say that M. Clemenceau would be glad to see me at Karlsbad that morning.

An Austrian relative of M. Clemenceau whom I had met at Ischl had written to him advising him to see me. There was barely time to catch the train to Karlsbad. Therefore, I sent a message to Sir Edward Goschen to explain my absence, hurried to the station and called on M. Clemenceau at the appointed hour. I had not met him since January, 1895, when he had gruffly refused my request for an interview upon the resignation of Presi-

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dent Casimir-Périer. On this occasion he was more courteous but equally vehement. He spoke with the force and velocity of an express train. For nearly two hours he "let himself go." He censured the British public, the British Government, Sir Edward Grey, and British statesmanship in general with astonishing vigor. I defended England to the best of my ability and tried to give him as good as he sent. The hotter the fight, the more Clemenceau seemed to enjoy it; and we parted on the best of terms.

Sir Edward Goschen took me to task next day for missing my appointment with him and for "spoiling his afternoon." He had not received my message. When I explained my truancy he asked whether Clemenceau had been interesting, and I gave a rapid sketch of the conversation. "Can you make some notes of it for me?" he inquired. "Clemenceau and Isvolsky are coming to lunch here with the King on the 26th. If Clemenceau talks to the King as he has talked to you, the King ought to be primed beforehand. Let me have some notes so that I may warn the King."

Thinking that my notes would be read only by the Ambassador who would tell the gist of them to the King, I wrote down the more essential part of the conversation as nearly as possible in Clemenceau's own words. On the 26th, Clemenceau and Isvolsky came. After luncheon, they had separate conversations with the King on the balcony of the Hotel Weimar. On the 27th, thinking that my notes would no longer be needed, I asked Sir Edward Goschen if he could return them to me as they were the only record I had of my talk with Clemenceau. He seemed embarrassed and said he would try to find them. I suggested that if he had torn them up or burnt them I had better write them out again. "No," he explained, "the trouble is that I had no time to prime the King thoroughly, so I gave him your notes, and Clemenceau said to him so precisely the same things as he had said to you that the King has sent your notes to Sir Charles Hardinge at the Foreign Office as an account of his own conversation with Clemenceau. But I will see if I can get them back from Hardinge presently."

Though the Ambassador had always been frank I thought he must be teasing me. If I had made my notes for the King I should certainly have omitted from them some of M. Clemenceau's

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more violent expressions. But, on the afternoon of August 29th, when coming from the croquet lawn near the Golf Club, the King beckoned me and said, "If you had published your talk with Clemenceau in your paper, and if Clemenceau had learnt it by heart, he could not have said to me more exactly what was in your notes. So I have sent them on to Hardinge; but you'll get them back, — you'll get them back."

"If I had known, Sir, that they were intended for your Majesty, I would have written them more carefully. I thought they were only to be an *aide-mémoire* for the Ambassador."

"They were excellent," replied the King, "and I have sent them to Hardinge. But, of course, Clemenceau speaks a little from the French standpoint."

"Quite true, Sir," I replied, "but we must remember that Clemenceau's reputation as an Anglophil is so strongly established that he feels he can talk to us with the utmost frankness; and what Clemenceau says aloud to us today, is what most Frenchmen whisper to themselves, — and what they will all shout if an European crisis comes and we are slow to understand its importance."

"Quite my opinion, — quite my opinion," returned the King. "Clemenceau is a true friend of his own country and of ours. You will get your notes back."

On September 30th, 1908, Sir Edward Goschen handed me back my notes at the Embassy in Vienna. They were unchanged except in one significant particular. Two passages, which are printed below in Italics, had been underlined in red ink, — apparently, by the King.

NOTES ON CONVERSATION WITH M. CLEMENCEAU

Egypt

M. Clemenceau expressed strongly the opinion that some concessions of a moderately liberal-constitutional character should now be made to Egyptian Nationalist feeling. If made quickly and adroitly, such concessions would, he thought, tend to neutralize the "Young Egyptian" movement that would assuredly draw strength from the Young Turkish example; and would save England, a Liberal and constitutional country par excellence, from being placed in the invidious position of resisting a liberal movement or of yielding only to popular pressure.

I ventured to point out that in Egypt, an Oriental country, it was equally necessary to avoid the appearance of fright and that if con-

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cessions were to be hastily thrown at the heads of the Egyptian Nationalists, they would attribute them to fear and press for more. If the "more" could not then be granted, the situation would be worse than if no concessions had been made.

M. Clemenceau replied that this was a "question de doigté et de légèreté de main"; but that, in his opinion, the Anglo-Egyptian authorities ought soon to frame and apply a program of liberal reform.

England, Germany, and France

M. Clemenceau was already aware of the not entirely satisfactory outcome of the discussions at Friedrichshof (Kronberg) on the subject of Anglo-German naval armaments. He spoke with considerable apprehension of the international outlook and appeared to think a conflict probable.

"I believe," he said, "that the conflict will be brought about by *some imprudence on the part of English public men* or some untimely movement of English public opinion. In England the exposed position of France is very imperfectly understood. Though there is much talk of invasion by Germany, no one seriously believes it possible, and confidence in the power of the British Fleet to destroy the German Fleet in case of need has not been seriously impaired. But, for France, the danger of invasion is very real. We know that on the morrow of the outbreak of war between Germany and England, the German armies will invade France by way of Belgium, and that Germany will seek in France an indemnity for the losses likely to be suffered on sea at the hands of England. What can England do to help us? Destroy the German Fleet? L'Angleterre ferait ainsi un beau trou dans l'eau. In 1870 there was no German Fleet, but the Prussians entered Paris all the same.

"When I asked Sir E. Grey what England would do if the Germans entered and overran Belgium, he replied, 'It would make a great stir in England.' What France would require would be not only a stir but help. One hundred thousand men in Belgium would not be much good, but 250,000 or 500,000 would change the course of the war. As it is, England could not send even 100,000 without the greatest difficulty. Your Territorial Army is a plaything. I am convinced that our position will continue to be one of extreme danger until England has a national army worthy of the name."

I observed that English opinion was becoming increasingly favorable to the creation of an efficient national army modelled approximately on the Swiss system, and that, even at present, the military value to France of the Entente with England must not be judged exclusively from the directly military help England might be able to render in an emergency, but also from the standpoint that France would, thanks to British friendship, be able to transport from Algeria and Tunis the greater part of her Colonial troops, and that good relations with England and Italy would enable France to withdraw the 250,000 men of the Armée des Alpes formerly stationed on the Italian frontier and to concentrate in the east all the garrisons from the northern and western coast towns.

M. Clemenceau replied that he had noted with pleasure the pa-

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triotic stand recently made by Mr. Hyndman and other prominent British Socialists of the Marxist persuasion in favor of a national army; but he added that the army was still far from being made, and that, even if the men were forthcoming, there did not exist the weapons or the ammunition for them to use. "These things," he continued, "cannot be improvised. I know you Englishmen do not want to be entangled in a Continental war, but I ask you, as I have asked Campbell-Bannerman, Haldane, and Grey, whether your policy is today what it was a century ago, — to prevent the domination of Europe by any one Power? If it is, then you ought to look things in the face.

"If war comes and we are smashed for want of timely and efficient help from you, you will afterward be obliged to incur obligations vastly greater than any now requisite, — or you will have to bow your necks to the victor. I have preached this in season and out of season, and recently in the *Temps* during the visit of President Fallières to London. But it is hard to get Englishmen to look at things from our point of view, or to understand the exigencies of our situation. *Some of your public men are appallingly ignorant.* The fact is that England cannot maintain her position in Europe and in the world nor can her friendship with France be secure against surprises, unless she has an adequate army. Ce n'est pas à Trafalgar, qui était pourtant une bien brillante victoire navale, mais à Waterloo, qui était une bien petite bataille, que l'Angleterre a cassé le cou à Napoléon."

These notes bear striking witness to M. Clemenceau's foresight. Had his advice been taken about Egypt in 1908, the Milner Commission might never have been needed in 1920. His certainty that the Germans would overrun Belgium is as remarkable as are his views of the number of British troops that would be needed really to affect the initial course of the war. He was wrong about the ultimate value of the British Territorial Army, though it was not in 1908 what, — thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. Haldane, — it had become in 1915. Pregnant, too, are his remarks upon the non-existence of the weapons or ammunition for the use of a British national army. "These things cannot be improvised" is a truth which we were to learn at the cost of tens of thousands of splendid lives.

Not until the spring of 1915, nine months after the war had begun, did I see M. Clemenceau again. Then, at his little flat in the Rue Franklin, I reminded him of what he had said in 1908 and told him of the sequel to our conversation, of which he knew nothing. "*Cela vous prouvera que je n'ai pas deux langages,*" was his only comment; and I could but reply, "*En effet!*"

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NEW IMPRESSIONS

Part One

HAVELOCK ELLIS

Genius in Its Final Phase

I SPENT an afternoon before leaving Paris at the old Hôtel de Biron where the almost complete work of Rodin is now admirably displayed. What here interested me most was the final development of his art in the last sculptures of his old age, because this was new to me; he had not reached that stage when I saw him at work in the little studio in a remote district of Paris, where at that time he sought seclusion, far from the show place in the rue de l'Université. These things have a distinct character of their own as a group. They are effaced, the details are smoothed out, as it were washed away by the action of running water, so that only the largest and simplest harmonies of line and form remain. The effect is well seen in "Ariane" and the bust of Lady Warwick. It is really the same liquid quality, — *morbidezza* they call it, — which is now recognized as a trait of the Alexandrian School of Old Greek sculpture, and it gives so subtle a charm to that work; but Rodin has pushed it to an extreme which the Greeks would have thought inconceivable.

With this final development the large sweep of Rodin's art was completed. There was no further development possible. He began as a minute realist and in that early stage his work even caused offence because it was said to be merely photographic. Then, during the greater and most active part of his career, he developed his characteristic style of deliberate exaggeration, the heightening of natural proportions for the ends of art, the play of light and shade. Finally that stage, too, passed away, and this last period arrived of large simple masses, softened and alleviated of all semblance to reality, gliding into a vast dim dream.

Have not all the supreme artists tended to follow a like course? Not the lesser artists, the artists of talent, for they seem with the progress of years to be seeking ever further to emphasize the vision of the world which they set out to present. But look at Michelangelo, whose development among great sculptors we can

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best follow. In that little chapel in Florence devoted to the last stage of his art, one of the shrines of the creative human spirit, we seem to see the marble itself bursting into a life so significant because not completely disentangled out of the obscure depths of Nature from which it draws its life.

But it is not only among artists in this medium that we find the same course of development. It is still clearer to see among painters. I think of the marvellous picture of Titian's old age at Munich in which the splendors of that master's earlier works are forgotten in the attainment of a subdued and clouded glory which rises to still greater heights. I think of Rembrandt whose art reached its climax as it passed away in the golden haze which, to memory, seems to fill the Hermitage. I think of the fascinating pictures of Hals' old age at Haarlem which, in place of the superb bravura of his earlier years, have almost the semblance of awkward crudity, and yet, as I recall them, live with so vivid a power that I forget the work of his youth. I think of Turner, whose early genius of the earth, sober and sombre, leapt up to heaven at last in mist and flame: of Carrière, — if he may be included in this noble company, — who began so precisely and ended with those vast figures that seem to come to us out of the world of dreams.

Nor is it in painting only. It is so also in poetry. Look at the last plays of Shakespeare, so loose and undramatic, so flowing or so broken, so full of exquisite music of the spirit more than of poetic form, of a heavenly atmosphere refined beyond any that was ever breathed on earth and yet so humanly tender; or at Shelley, who completed a large cycle of art in a short time, and wrote at last, in *The Witch of Atlas*, only with water and fire; or, within a yet greater and yet shorter cycle, trace the evolution of the ideals of Keats.

The critics have always stumbled a little over this final phase of supreme genius. They used to think that Michelangelo's last work was unfinished. They still often think that what we must recognize in such a manifestation is lassitude, failure of energy, a weakening grasp of brain or hand. I am not sure that there is not an element of truth in such criticism. Only let us not forget that it is the mark of high genius, less to display athletically Titanic strength than to be able to use weakness to reach divine

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ends. That power, it may well seem to us, is supremely visible in the typical last phase of the highest genius. The artist has lost his early power of realistic grip, and with it lost also his early taste for such power. But he has lost it only to attain a wider and deeper and more symbolic mastery of the world. He no longer cares for the mere literal imagery of a scene he will leave so soon. But he cares more than he has ever before cared for its essence, and he is conscious of that essence with a delicacy of sensitive perception he never before possessed. He is no longer concerned with things; they are receding from his view. As he rises above the earth, like Elijah in his chariot of fire, he now sees it only in the distance. Henceforth he no longer deals with things. It is the soul of things that he brings before us. That is why his later work fascinates us endlessly as, slowly, after many years, enlightened by the long course of our own experience, we begin at last to understand what it means.

Religion as a Function

"How is Religion still possible?" This question is posed by so able a thinker as Dr. Merz as the question of paramount importance, and he can only find a paradoxical answer.

It is a question which still seems to be taken seriously by many otherwise intelligent persons who are thereby stranded in the end on all sorts of hidden sandbanks. They do not ask: How is Walking still possible? They do not ask: How is Hunger still possible? Yet it is really the same kind of question.

It is always marvelous to find how people worry themselves over unnecessary problems and spin the most fantastic webs of abstruse speculation around even the simplest things. Religion, if it is anything at all, must be a natural organic function, like walking, like eating, better still, one may say, like loving. For the closest analogy, and indeed real relationship, of religion, is with the function of reproduction and the emotions of sex. The functions of walking and eating are more or less necessary to life in their rhythmic recurrence, and it is legitimate in their absence to endeavor to stimulate them into action. But the function of religion, like that of love, is not necessary to life, nor may it with any certainty be stimulated into activity. Need it? These functions are either working within you or they are not. If not,

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then it is clear that your organism is in no need of them at the present moment, and perhaps is born without the aptitude to experience them. And if so, there are those who will tell you that you represent a superior type of humanity. Therefore whether if not so, or whether so, why worry?

I do not, indeed, myself think that the inaptitude for the function of religion, — ancient as the religious emotions are, — represents a higher stage of development. But I am sure that either the function is there or it is not there, and that no intellectual speculations will take its place or hasten its manifestation. Religion, like love, develops and harmonizes our rarest and most extravagant emotions. It exalts us above the commonplace routine of our daily life, and it makes us supreme over the world. But, like love also, it is a little ridiculous to those who are unable to experience it. And since they can survive quite well without experiencing it, let them be thankful, as we also are thankful.

Nature and Ritual

I am frequently brought up against the contempt of ritual in life. It is a widespread feeling, most usually, of course, directed against religion, especially, among ourselves, that of the Catholic Church, in its ancient and fantastic, seemingly absurd and unnatural shapes. When in the last century the Evangelicals invented the term "ritualistic" for a kind of ritual they disliked, they felt sure they were appealing to a sound common-sense principle of life.

Yet all social life is ritualistic. You cannot walk along the street or enter a house without observing a ritual which you could not violate without an overwhelming sense of guilt. A child has not yet grown up to the sense of ritual. Imagine yourself doing in public the things a child does! Human society, as much that of the savage as of the civilized, seems, in practice, if not in theory, impossible without ritual, however we may have simplified it, or conventionalized it, from its primitively more elaborate and sacredly significant forms. The ancient Chinese, who had so profound a feeling for the essential things of life, based morals on ceremony and music. It is impossible to construct even Utopia without ritual, however novel a ritual it may be, and even Thelema was an abbey.

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It is not only society, it is all life, that is full of ritual, ancient and fantastic, seemingly absurd and unnatural ritual, that is indeed moulded into the very shape of life. Where can we find such wildly and diversely extravagant embodiments of ritual as in the greenhouses of Kew or the cages of the Zoo? For Nature is herself the maker of ritual. We are all ritualists, carrying out rites so widely diverse that we cannot enter into the spirit of one another's ritual. Yet, whether devised by Nature's direct mechanistic action or through the human brain, it is all the manifestation of an underlying vital meaning.

The diversity of the world, therefore, is natural. Yet not less natural is this inability to accept its own diversity. It is by limitation, — the limitation which all art involves, — that Nature becomes diverse, fantastic, seemingly artificial. It is by that same limitation that these diverse forms cannot accept each other. I recall the critical, disdainful gaze of a small terrier as he stood still to watch a great goose pass by. Let us therefore accept with joy the diversity of the world, and with equal joy its inability to accept its own diversity. For that also is delightful.

Ariel and Caliban

I note that Garcia Calderon in his excellent book on Latin America seems passingly to suggest that he regards Ariel and Caliban together as the symbolic representative of the English spirit, much as we may regard Don Quixote and Sancho Panza together as the complete representative of the Spaniard. Whether in the vast jungle of Shakespearian commentary this idea has ever been worked out, I have no knowledge; it may have been, even to the last detail. At all events, it seems an idea that is worth bearing in mind. Most nations present two totally unlike aspects. A nation that failed to do so would probably fail also to play any great part in the world.

Of no people could this be more emphatically said than of the English. Napoleon, like other observers before and since, said that the English are a nation of shopkeepers. To yet some others they have seemed a nation of singing birds. On the one hand, as so many foreigners have stated, often with a touch of contempt, practical, cold, short-sighted, cautious, hard-headed, grasping, unimaginative; on the other hand, as they have said just as

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often and with a touch of enthusiasm, idealistic, humanitarian, daring, adventurous, extravagant, high-pitched, imaginative. In reality we are both; so it has come about that Caliban has given us an Empire (as indeed the Spanish American remarks) and Ariel a Shakespeare. It is, in fact, the combination of those two elements which produces the characteristically English quality, what is unsympathetically called cant or humbug being the inevitable outside manifestation of their union. They may even be united in the same person, and our most ethereal poets have been well able and content to earn their living by keeping a shop, or preaching sermons, or carrying out the most varied and tedious round of official duties; Caliban is the materialistic aspect of our Ariel, Ariel the spiritual aspect of our Caliban.

The achievement of Shakespeare, — however instinctive and unconscious it may have been, — in thus finally embodying and symbolizing the English genius adds a further seal to the fascination of *The Tempest*. Nowadays I am not much drawn to read the plays of Shakespeare. Their extravagance no longer attracts me; the fury of their passionate interest in life ceases to be of much concern as one recedes from the combat of life. But I am more and more drawn to *The Tempest*, and my thoughts are often lingering over its loveliness. Here Shakespeare has emerged from the conflict, even though it may possibly have been by shipwreck; he had passed beyond tragedy and beyond comedy, beyond and above to a serene air in which they could at last be seen as one by the magician Prospero, who is the final embodiment of Shakespeare's inner self. Prospero's return to his dukedom was a weak concession to a stage convention. One knows that in his heart Shakespeare also knew that Prospero would never return. For an earthly dukedom can mean nothing to the man who has finally grasped the whole universe in his vision, as an evanescent mist, and stands serenely on the last foothold and ultimate outlook of the world.

Poets and Jingoes

I have brought down with me to this sunny cove, — where all day long I may remain undisturbed by any foot save of the gulls on the sands or the crows on the cliff above, — the beautiful and individual little commonplace book of choice things, prose and

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verse, familiar and unfamiliar, which Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, published in 1915. A poet of so high a quality, a connoisseur of such fine taste, a man of such lofty impulse, so lifted by noble contemplation over the passions of the herd, it is a rare pleasure to brood reverently on the pages of this anthology, wayward and exquisite.

But I read the preface, — and with a shock of horror. This esoteric poet and scholar, this high minded recluse, securely perched, one imagined, on a summit of the spirit far removed from the base passions of the mob, reveals himself as the most pharisaic of self-righteous Jingoes, as a war-monger of the kind we associate with our popular gutter-press, as the inspired prophet of Hysteria. Here are the familiar catchwords and counters and despicably one-sided accusations which have rendered the Great War for ever nauseous. No single glimmer of a suspicion that what he says of the German may perhaps also be said of their English cousins, no perception that the cold-blooded atrocities of the blockade easily outweigh those committed in hot blood, no insight to see that the frightfulness of the Germans in Belgium is put into the shade by the more ruthless and more reckless frightfulness of our "heroes and saints" in Ireland, against men and women and children who were not remote foreigners speaking an unknown tongue, but of our own nation and speech, inflicting physical and moral wounds of which I saw the fresh traces every morning three months ago. This preface to *The Spirit of Man* is fit to be held in memory as a monument to the imbecility of that Spirit under the influences of war even when embodied in the person of a superior man; for there are times, said Carlyle of old, though he might have said it today, when the creed of persons in authority, — and surely Bridges is among us a person in spiritual authority, — becomes either a Machiavellism or an Imbecility.

No doubt the Poet Laureate has since repented in sackcloth. He has, indeed, of late been distinguished by encouraging others to hold out the hand of friendship to Germany. But it is easy even for the ordinary man to be just and humane, as well as wise, after the event, let alone a man who is able to present, as in this book, the antidote to the poisons he himself exhibits. So, although it may seem unkind to refer to the past, the occasion is

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profitable for meditation. We are told nowadays that the herd instinct, which has proceeded so far as to mould large isolated nations, will in course of time proceed yet farther and attain the form of a universal herd instinct, embracing all humanity; but our movements towards that end are likely to be excessively slow when we realize the state of mind of even our Superior Persons. Certainly long before that consummation it would seem likely that we and all the generations of our civilization will have disappeared in the pit. Well, it is certainly no more than we deserve. Let us depart smiling. There are others to come.

Part Two will be published in October

LOVER TO LOVER

DAVID MORTON

Leave me a while, for you have been too long
A nearness that is perilous and sweet:
Loose me a little from the tightening thong
That binds my spirit, eyes and hands and feet.
For there are old communions I would hold,
To mind my heart what field and sky may be:
Earth bears her fruit. . . . November has a gold. . . .
And stars are still high points in constancy.

Loose me a little, now. . . . I have a need
Of standing in an open, windy place,
Of saying names again, of giving heed
To these companions of man's lonely race. . . .
Loose me to these, between one dusk and dawn; —
I shall have need of them, when you are gone.

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RELIGION IN A FORD

NATHAN SÖDERBLOM, ARCHBISHOP OF UPSALA

IN this essay the Primate of Sweden presents his impressions of the place occupied by Protestantism in America, based on exhaustive study of the progress of religion in all parts of the world, and, more particularly, on a recent visit to the United States which took him into many sections of the country, from coast to coast. The article is by way of answer to the questions raised in Mr. Hallinan's article "Religion on a Yacht" published in the August number predicting what the Archbishop would find in America.

NOTHING can be more gratifying than to listen to intelligent men talking on serious matters. The great mistake in the visit which I recently undertook to the United States, after reiterated kind invitations, was that my overcrowded program gave me scarcely a moment for listening, — except during the night, when there were no voices but those of solitude and silence in its unequaled eloquence, vivified in the Pullman cars by the sentimental, lamenting, saxophonic whistles of the locomotives and the solemn and Christmaslike ringing of their bells. I was leaving the United States rather in despair after having been kept talking many days with voice and, in the last two weeks, without voice, instead of listening, when the Editor of THE FORUM provided me with something in the nature of what I wanted, and asked me to write about Mr. Hallinan's meeting with my compatriot, the philosophic and religious Swede.

I should like to join the company eager to learn, rather than come forward as a *tertius interveniens*, and I would certainly corroborate the impression that the United States are fundamentally Protestant, yea constitute at present the stronghold of Evangelic Christendom in the world, — just as South America is, among the continents of our little planet, the genuine Roman Catholic one. In saying this, I do not forget that the two most firmly organized bodies in Western Christendom outside the Roman obedience are the Anglican communion, — counting all over the world nearly forty-five million baptized adherents, — and the Evangelic Church Federation in Germany, formed, to the astonishment of outsiders as well as insiders, after the revolution had abolished the establishment and given free course to the sometimes rather antagonistic popular temperaments in the

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South and in the North of the Reich, and to the marked differences of religious thought in the classical country of free theological research and religious discussion. That Church Federation counts today more than thirty-eight million baptized adherents.

Nor do I forget, in recognizing the importance of Protestantism in North America, the more than seventeen million citizens of the United States who are baptized in the Roman communion. But is it a superficial and delusive impression that Evangelic and Roman Catholicism do not, in the United States, stand against each other in the same abrupt and rigid historic apartness as in most sections of Europe? Certainly in no other country has Romanism adopted Protestant methods and even Protestant moods towards life and society to the extent that it has in the United States. Have you ever spoken with a Roman Catholic priest from America about Catholicism in Italy or Austria or Spain? Or have you ever heard an authentic pious servant of Romanism in Southern Europe express his devout horror for some of the ways of American Romanism? Let me add that it seems to me that American Evangelic religion has one great thing to learn from Roman Catholicism, something that is not Roman, but certainly Christian and Catholic, — I mean the spirit of devotion.

Here I find myself suddenly in the smallest motor-car which I experienced in the United States. The man behind its windows piqued my curiosity, and for the rather long drive that lay before me I expressed my wish to be with him, which was granted somewhat reluctantly by the members of the reception committee in their comfortable moving sitting-rooms. He was just as familiar with the charitable work of the Roman fathers in that bulky city of the Middle West as with the activities of other denominations. He had just been speaking at some mission or society with his Roman Catholic friends, and as we moved along the wet streets among bewildering advertising lights, he told me that some anxiety had been expressed.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that your Roman friends complain of Protestant competition?"

"Oh, no, there is nothing of that," said my companion, who as a hearty friend of everything that is living and genuine could feel sympathy for active Roman devotion. They find that American

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Romanism, in augmenting its power, is gradually losing something of the generous comprehensiveness which still characterized Catholicism in this country a generation ago, and which also impressed Protestant opinion, — for example, at such great moments as when a Roman Catholic prelate took the chair at the Congress of Religions in the Jubilee Exposition of Chicago, 1893."

Those words stirred in me lively recollections. I remembered the enthusiasm aroused in Europe thirty years ago by such names as Ireland, Keane, Gibbons. I told my friend about those memorable days in Paris when an increasing number of Roman Catholic enthusiasts and intellectuals were looking over to America, if not for the *papa angelicus*, at least for Monseigneur Ireland to rally fresh enthusiasm for the Church in souls who could not wholly condemn modern ideals and search for truth, but who dreamed of a Church as wide and great as God's own love. "But Monseigneur Ireland," I said, "disappointed many eager hopes when, perhaps wisely enough, he declined to yield to the wishes of his admirers in Paris, who wanted his help for the second parliament of religions. Could a Romanism, steeped in American common sense and universalism, introduce a new epoch in the history of the Church?"

"You have hit the point," remarked my chauffeur. "My Roman friends regret more deeply every year what seems to them a weakening of such ideals and a narrowing of the religious spirit in their communion. I am no believer in modernism. It was a general illusion in Roman as well as in Protestant circles that modernism, — strong in Italy, France, and England and widespread also in Germany, — meant an approach to Evangelic religion. It was most authentically Roman in its psychology and its ideals. And some of the victims of the Vatican's implacable opposition afterwards revealed a vague idealism instead of characteristic religion. At any rate the modernists counted among priests and laymen some of the most brilliant and devout members of the Church. But do not seek them here in America. Such men as the glorious triad you mentioned have left room nowadays for smaller minds, who identify a meticulous submission to statutes and hierarchy with the worship of God and Truth."

Here I ventured a question about a term that had puzzled me

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since I came to the United States. "How is it with fundamentalism in the Roman communion?"

The answer came quickly: "There is nothing there but fundamentalism today. Modern interpretation of history, scripture, and dogma is excluded by the papal announcements concentrated in the terrifying anti-modernistic oath."

"Yes, of course, I know all that. But *il y a des accommodements avec le ciel.* A considerable amount of thinking and research can, with the help of skilful casuistry, be hidden under a seemingly unfailing reverence for tradition and formulas. That is the reason why Protestantism, with its simple conception of truth and sincerity, appears sometimes to be a narrower prison to a seeking and thinking mind than the great Roman institution."

"You speak as an European. In Europe one is allowed to think and reason even in religion. But here orthodoxy in Protestantism is supervised by business men of mediocre intelligence, and in Romanism by spies and prelates."

The conversation threatened to enter upon unpleasant ground. I reverted to my question about fundamentalism and learned that the fight raging in the Baptist and Presbyterian communions is also alive in other sects. My friend quoted some drastic instances of so-called fundamentalistic letter worship and modernistic vagueness. "Reading reports in the papers," he said, "one is tempted to laugh or weep. Is it not sacrilegious to materialize spiritual conceptions and to profane with gross vulgarity ideas that should be treated with reverence and awe, since they belong to the holy domain of religion? Our practical business mind is our strength and pride, but applied sometimes with advertising smartness to sacred matters it cannot be considered as entirely profitable. I doubt whether you have realized the naïve way in which the dilemma is simplified. You are asked to choose between rude Darwinism and unhistoric letter worship. What reasonable man will commit himself to the one or the other? Both are treated as ready-made projectiles in a battle. I cannot but consider that as a perversion of spiritual problems."

"Your fundamentalism in America, is it not a crude expression of a tendency characteristic of Christendom in our days, perhaps hastened to a certain degree by the tragedy of the war, — a reaction from the optimistic belief in an ever-improving evolution?

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I feel it in our own young Swedish students; also in France, and to a certain extent in England; but most markedly in strong young intelligences in Germany which are passing through the ordeal of starvation and humiliation. They say: 'Thanks, we have had enough of modernism. It was a helpful drug to a previous generation, agonizing under the pressure of tyrannic formulas and a bible-worship lacking the historic view. But now we have had enough of it. We have the great epoch of historic research in Holy Writ and religions behind us. It is most interesting to know more and more of the relativities of history in their interdependence. But our hungering soul cannot feed on them. Modernists sometimes forget that the walls, not the windows, make the building. Where in the moving phenomena of religious evolution is the rock, the Truth?' An eminent young German theologian has called that tendency: *das Heimweh nach dem Unbedingten*, the nostalgia after the unconditioned. I am persuaded that metaphysics and systematic construction will occupy in the next generation of religious research the same dominating place that historical investigation has had in our times.

"Now tell me, is there not in your American fundamentalism something of the same new orientation? I do not know, because I have not been able to study these movements in your country. But I cannot help conjecturing that there is at the bottom of the struggle between fundamentalism and modernism today in American Christendom something of what our best young minds in Europe are yearning for."

During the last sentences of my too long speech, my mate had a narrow escape from an entangling muddle of vehicles. I do not know whether he had really followed my meaning when he replied: "I cannot judge your explanation, but I hope there may be something in it. I wish you could convince me that in the sterile opposition between two fighters, who use big words and anathemas, but never really hit each other, there is some sign of a moving forward."

Silence. After a while my friend brought the talk around to the subject of Lutheranism. "President Roosevelt thought a lot of Lutheranism. He mentioned it amongst those forms of religious life which might one day constitute on this continent a kind of national worship. But, of course, our country is decried as the very

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chaos of denominations and sects. Unity is the strength of Romanism."

I sounded a reassuring note. Had I seen Mr. Hallinan's spirited observations, I should have referred to his view of American Protestantism as one single encumbrous block. Now I said: "To me the multitude of sects in the United States is not bewildering. Having communed during more than thirty years with the history of religion I cannot regard them as numbers, but rather as living and characteristic individuals. Most of them belong to the historic European groups and characterize themselves, or are nicknamed by others, according to their form of organization, as Roman, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregationalist; or after a rite, as Baptists; or from an effective organization of Church activity, as Methodists; or with the irrational depth and the concrete spiritual wealth of a religious hero, as Lutherans, although Luther vehemently protested against any section of Christians being called with his mortal name.

"The most beautiful designation of any division of your Christendom is 'Disciples,' trying to unite Christ's followers in adding a new group to all the old historic ones. Most American sects, to my impression, come under two groups: first the old heroic New England religion, surviving in Congregationalism and Presbyterianism; and then, dating from a later epoch, Methodism, which grew out of John Wesley's passion for making men promptly better by the doctrine of 'free grace,' the Anglo-Saxon translation of Luther's *sola fides*, saved by 'faith alone.' As to the democratic character of Methodism, Dr. A. J. Carlyle of Oxford, if I remember well, says that the spirit of the Methodist movement is the same spirit as that which inspired the French revolution, emancipating the individual, introducing the principle of equality, and impressing the brotherhood of men.

"If Methodism represents democratic religion, your Episcopal communion stands perhaps for the aristocratic element in your Evangelic piety.

"As Lutherans we have the pulpit in common with all our Evangelic brethren. But the altar occupies the central place in our sanctuaries. Altar means mystery and adoration. We have the altar in common with our Episcopal brethren, although we

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accentuate more than they the mysterious and divine virtue of the Sacrament.

"As you see, I cannot consider American Protestantism as a block. There is certainly more unity of spirit in it than most people recognize. But when you penetrate from the outside into the soul, you find not a bulk, so and so many meters thick and large, but an organism with many members and many transitions.

"Where there is life, there is diversity. Does not the grandiose absolutism of the Roman system hide to less curious observers a rich diversity that does not exclude time-honored antagonism? I do not speak of the nationalistic hatred and opposition which during and after the last war suddenly revealed itself even less reconcilable in the Roman camp than in Evangelic circles on both sides. No, I refer to the traditional differences between the secular clergy and the orders, and between the great historic Roman orders. The mutual polemics and suspicions show a full analogy to the divisions of the Evangelic Christendom, although the latter lacks a common outward roof. But such discussions and differences are only a human or perhaps too human expression for a richness which constitutes a gladdening source of strength and activity. We are not living in an ideal world. In this world of ours, peace often means death and strife often means life."

I felt that politeness demanded a question: "You have not told me anything about your own history?"

The answer came instantly: "I was born of poor emigrants in a hut made of sods. My father died some years later. When I needed my first suit of clothes for school, my mother walked thirteen miles to sell eggs and buy the stuff. But I was, nevertheless, a rich heir. No one in the United States got a greater inheritance."

"What do you mean by that?"

"My mother gave me her blessing, and my best help in life has been the memory of my godfearing parents' fearless trust and honesty. That is my good Nordic inheritance. Many pilgrim fathers, thousands, tens of thousands of them came to America after those who sailed on the Mayflower. The people who came from our Scandinavian countries in crowds seventy years ago were very poor. They did not know the language of this country. Their hardships were more severe than we can imagine. But

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those men, animated by the wistful pilgrims' mood, belonged to the best people in the Scandinavian North. What the Puritan fathers began has been continued unto our days by men and women stamped in the Evangelic faith and familiar with the earnestness of life. Therefore this country has a spiritual backbone of genuine Protestant faith."

I agreed: "Yes, you do not carry with you the long, burdensome, but solemn tradition that we have in Europe. Multitudes of the emigrants had been inspired by a revivalist idealism which wanted to cut off tradition as a fetter and create a kind of contemporaneousness with Christ. That means a lack of continuity, and I have found in many minds in this country a strong demand for closer connection with the old historic communions in Europe. But at the same time, your timeless piety uses the Gospel-language perhaps in a simpler, more unsophisticated way than most of us in Europe. Be not afraid of using it. You are bold and venturesome. You accomplish the impossible. 'The evangelization of the world in our generation' was an American watchword in my student days, worthy of the enthusiasm of primitive Christianity. The Christian family today sorely needs such a buoyant giant child among the wise and too wise and circumspect old folk in Europe. Christ did not appeal to old monks, who had become saintly after life's tempest had raged. He gathered some young men to do his work."

We sat in silence for a while. My interlocutor picked up the thread: "I hope you are right. But what you say is also the explanation of much unreasonable childish obstinacy. Why cannot the Christians play together and go together in this country instead of losing strength in useless competition? Then we might mean more to our nation."

"I think you mean something enormous to it. Sometimes I find that the civic society of the United States has a too great belief in the Christian communions of your country and credit them too much. Certainly religion is a real force and the soul of public life, not officially but in fact, in your commonwealth, as in few other countries on earth. But it seems to me anomalous even in such a country to leave the elementary knowledge of the great facts of religion entirely to the competing Church bodies."

"We call that Religious freedom."

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"Pardon me. There is also in religion something that may be called exactitude. There are not only different biblical texts and traditions, there is an ideal and accurate text, not realized in all passages, but sought for by sincere scholarship. There are facts in religion, not only interpretations. What we require in our State schools is an instruction that tries not to grind in a certain conception, but that gives the great events and personalities and the authentic classical expressions of Christian religion in Bible verses, hymns, and holy lives. Is not a certain knowledge of the Sermon on the Mount and of Christ's parables and of the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians as necessary to elementary education as specimens of your best American literature? Ought not every citizen to know something about Isaiah, Christ, St. Paul, and Augustine as well as about Washington and Lincoln?"

Here I had to stop. We had already passed through darkness into the brilliance of a new town. I was obliged to take a very rapid farewell, the hour for my address having already struck.

FUNDAMENTAL

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Deeply searching, you will find
Beneath the stonework of the mind
Bedrock, that crumbles not but thrives
Outlasting many million lives.

So are we sadly, grandly made;
So has the master mason laid
On yielding flesh, by bloody streams
The stone and mortar of our dreams.

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A RICH FOLKS' CHILD

Ends of Things — Part Two

MARY DIXON THAYER

OFTEN you go for drives with Aunt Agatha. You sit beside Aunt Agatha, in front, and she will let you drive, maybe, till an automobile comes. Albert sits in back on a little seat not made to be comfortable.

You go down the curly road and out the big gates with the animals on top. You go along the road past the house that used to be yours. You go away off into the world.

There are roads that are watery and soft, where trees lean around you, and leaves float. There are hard, straight roads with lamp-posts alongside, where automobiles go past you, and Simon's steps make a noise.

Sometimes you go through villages where people wave at you, and little girls and boys ask for rides. Sometimes you go through quiet places where a river is, and gentlemen and ladies go walking, holding hands. In the quiet places are fountains. Aunt Agatha stops at one of them and Albert gets down and hands you up a lovely glass of water that is too cold to drink. Simon can put down his head in the place kept just for horses, and he takes long, long swallows. You can hear the water arriving in Simon's stomach.

Sometimes you stop at a little house in the quiet places. It is white, and it has a big porch. You can sit on the porch and a lady brings you lemonade that wants more sugar. There are turkeys walking around in front of the house, and big ducks and little ducks going across the road to the river. In the river is the world, upside down.

One day you go with Aunt Agatha to a place where you have never been before. It is on the top of a hill, and there are big stones stuck all over it. You leave Simon and Albert and you go with Aunt Agatha along little paths between the stones. Some of the stones have flowers on them. But all the flowers are dead. Some of the stones have bushes around them. The bushes look very new. Around lots of the stones there is nothing but sticky

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mud. All the stones have humps of ground in front of them. Once you walk on one of the humps, and Aunt Agatha is mad. She says "Have you no respect for the dead?" and you know that under the little humps, are people. You try to hold on to Aunt Agatha's hand, but Aunt Agatha is thinking about things. You feel afraid. You go on. You look at the big stones, and at the humps, and at the little dead flowers. You think about Heaven. Is Heaven a hump in the world? . . .

Aunt Agatha comes to a little stone house. It has a door like a prison in a Fairy-book. You go in. Around the walls are drawers with shiny handles. There is writing on the drawers. Aunt Agatha shuts the door of the little house, and you see that she is crying. Why is the little house sad? Why does Aunt Agatha cry about it? You do not know what to do.

After a while you go away. You want to ask Aunt Agatha about why she had to cry. But there is something inside of you that keeps you from asking her. When you get home you say to Mademoiselle "Are little houses sad?"

And Mademoiselle says "*Eh non! Par exemple!* It is the big houses where one weeps. . . ."

On rainy days, if it is not too cold, you can go up into the Attic and play. That makes rainy days lovely. The attic is the biggest place there is. You can hear the rain, up there, doing dances on the roof. You can look out of the windows into the middles of trees. You can be close to clouds. Clouds almost come into Attics. What would happen if they did? What would happen?

Once, when the clouds are little and run along the sky beside the roof, you open a window and go away, and wait. Perhaps a cloud will come in! You wait and wait. You sit far off so the clouds will not see you, and you hope for them to come. But the clouds all go running quickly away, and after a while Mademoiselle arrives, and shuts the window.

You are going to school! It's all decided. Aunt Agatha says so. And Uncle Edward. And everybody. To school! Think of it!

It is nine o'clock. Isn't Aunt Agatha ever going to get up? There is nothing to do. You go out on the porch. Sun is spread over everything. There are little balls of water on the ends of things. The sun pokes the balls and they laugh. Everything is sparkly.

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You begin to skip. You skip up and down the porch. Up and down. Birds sing. Winds come. Your hair flops on your neck. You want to float. You spread out your arms. Nothing happens. You go on skipping. You are hot, and the wind is cold. What fun it is to skip! People hardly ever do it . . . up and down . . . up and down. . . . On the wall along the porch hang red flowers, and there are leaves squeezed down flat, in between. Under the leaves, you know, run tiny bugs. They are so small that you would never know that they were there if you had not hunted for them, once. You know where there is a bird's nest too, in the leaves. You know where a rabbit sleeps, under the porch. You are very wise. You skip. Up and down . . . up and down. . . . You will never get tired. You will go on skipping forever. The sky rolls. The world rocks. Trees jump. Houses wiggle. Everything moves. . . .

Aunt Agatha puts some of herself out of a window. . . . She has on a wrapper, and her hair is mussed. She says "How *can* you skip at this hour?" Why not? It is morning! You go on skipping, and you look up at Aunt Agatha. She goes bouncing up and down. But she doesn't know that she is bouncing. Imagine! You have to sit down on the wall and laugh about it. And Aunt Agatha pulls herself into the house, and disappears.

You look to see how many bugs you have sat upon. There are three.

At last you start off with Aunt Agatha to see the Lady Who Keeps the School. No more lessons with Mademoiselle! You arrive at the school. Little girls are running about the yard screaming, and sucking oranges. They stare at you. Some of them whisper things, and giggle. You pretend not to notice. You go in. At first it is dark inside. Then you see that you are in a hall that has big rooms going out of it, and all the rooms are filled with tables with slanty tops.

You come to a door. A lady opens it. She puts her hand on your head, and looks at you. She has little brown eyes that shine. She talks with a smile, and says "Well now. . . ." After Aunt Agatha has talked to her a lot, you go down the hall, again, to the front door. Just as you get to it a bell begins to ring, and all the little girls come squeezing into the house. They come in a long, wabbly row. Some of them are still gobbling down food. They all look at you hard, as they go by, and you pretend you are

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not afraid of them. You try smiling at one of them, but she gives you a solemn look.

You get into the Glass Waggon with Aunt Agatha, and Aunt Agatha says "There now! *That's* settled!"

You are going to school tomorrow. What happens, in schools? Tomorrow comes. Albert takes you to school, and drives away. You are all alone on the outside of schools. You feel queer.

There is a lot of noise inside. You go in, and there are little girls all around. They are taking off rubber shoes, and coats, and gaiters. When you arrive they all start watching you. They all have shorter legs than you have. It must be your legs that are funny. You try to walk with your knees crooked so that your dress will cover up your legs, and you watch the little girls out of the ends of your eyes to see if they are still looking at you. And they are . . . it is your legs. . . .

You follow the little girls upstairs. You ask one of them something, to make friends. But she says "No!" and runs away, ahead of you. You go into a room where there is a thin lady who does not see that you are New. You stand around in front of her, trying to make her see how New you are. After a while she sees you, and you get put at a table that doesn't fit yourself. A bell rings. Lessons begin. It is exciting. You do not have to do anything but listen. That is because you are New. Some of the little girls say their lessons off quickly, and then sit down and draw pictures on the top of their tables. Some of the little girls stay interested, but they do not seem to know their lessons. There are flowers around, in red buckets, and pictures on the wall of people shooting guns into each other. As long as you keep sitting down the little girls do not stare at you. That is because they cannot see your legs.

It is lessons about numbers that you hate. You do not understand about numbers. They do not make pictures in your head. They do not make feelings come.

Miss Brooks teaches about numbers. She has eye-glasses that you think of as a piece of her face. When you get mixed up about numbers, she laughs. She laughs at you in front of all the little girls who are not New. Why is it so funny if you do not understand about numbers?

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Miss Brooks has a stick that is flat. She stands up in front of the blackboard and points with the stick at numbers, and asks you questions. When you say things wrong, she laughs. And when Miss Brooks laughs at anything, all the little girls go laughing too. But you aren't supposed to go laughing, unless Miss Brooks goes doing it.

Sometimes you have to stand up in front of the blackboard yourself. You stand there. And you see all the little girls looking at you, and getting ready to laugh. You see the little girls that understand about numbers putting up their hands to show that they can tell the mistakes you are going to make. You stand there. And you want to cry. And you pretend you want to know about numbers. Miss Brooks says, "Explain what you have done, to the Class, Marian . . ." and you try to. But your head that ought to have numbers in it has only pictures. Queer pictures. Pictures of all the little girls who know about numbers lying under humps in the world and hearing God laugh . . . pictures of clouds that make hoops over the sky for angels to jump through . . . pictures of. . . . Miss Brooks says "Stop standing there biting your pencil, Marian. Explain the Problem to the Class." And you begin to say things. Crazy things. And Miss Brooks laughs. And all the little girls laugh. And you feel tears wanting to come out of you, but you make them stay in. Then Miss Brooks tells you to go back to your seat. And you go to it, with people looking at your legs. . . .

One of the little girls who understands about numbers rubs out all the things you stuck on the blackboard, and puts other things there. Miss Brooks says "Do you see now, Marian, where you made your mistake?" And you say "Yes" . . . because you don't understand anything about any of it, and you will cry if they laugh at you, any more.

There is a girl at school that you love. You love her right away, when you first look at her. At recess, or when you walk by her in the hall, she looks at you, and you love her.

She has eyes that are blue, and she has curly eyelashes. When she is studying, her eyelashes come down over her eyes and cover them up. She has hair that blows around in little curls when the window is open. You know that she thinks beautiful things.

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One day you write her a little letter. It goes over to her, under people's desks, and as it goes you shiver, and you cannot look. The note says, "Will you take a walk with me at recess?"

Out of the ends of your eyes you see her reading it. Then you see her writing down an answer. The answer is coming back to you, under the desks. You put out your hand and get it. You see her writing for the first time. It is slanty, and big. Your name looks beautiful, written by her.

You put up the lid of your desk and open the letter. There are shaky feelings in your fingers. Everything gets far away. You open it. It says, "I will meet you under the stairs. . . ."

When you meet her, you cannot say what you want to. You say, "I'm glad you want to walk . . ." and she says, "Oh, I always walk at recess. . . ." And you go down the hall and out into the world. People bump into you, but you don't care. People call things to you, but you don't listen. You go along out into the road where the trees live in rows, and where Strange People are. She puts her hand into your pocket where your own hand is, and you stop breathing. She says, "You're New, aren't you?" And you feel her hand touching your hand inside your pocket, and where it touches come little sparks that go up through your fingers into yourself, and through yourself into the world.

The trees along the road must feel them. The Strange People who pass you, must know . . . but the trees are very solemn, and quiet, and the Strange People go by, without looking. . . .

After that, school is different. . . . She is there. You can look at her. You can touch her hand. It does not matter what she says. One day you tell Sarah about her. Sarah giggles. She says, "Oh, I know what's the matter. You have a Crush. Everybody gets them. They never last."

Summer has gone far off from the world. The trees stand up against the sky without any clothes on. They are waiting for snow. You can see the way that trees are made. You can see their wrinkles, and the places where branches happen.

The branches stick their fingers into the sky. When you go through the woods you can look away off, through the fingers of trees. Some of the trees are sad. They reach for things. Some of

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them are happy. They nod their heads, and when wind comes, they bow. All the trees make little dry noises. Some of them look very old. The old ones are ashamed of not having any clothes. The young ones hold themselves up and want you to notice how beautiful they are.

When you go for walks, anywhere, leaves come skipping. They skip around your feet and make little tired words. Crows go slantways on the sky. You can hear them clearing their throats. You are sorry for crows. They are sick. They are always coughing, and flying away. Nobody minds. . . .

The Creek is full of leaves and sticks. The leaves turn up the edges of themselves, and make little boats. They go past you without speaking. Everything is waiting for the snow.

At last snow comes. It comes softly, without telling you. It comes in little pieces, and the pieces play in the sky and chase each other, and when they are tired, they fall. They peep around each other and fight for little places. They get into cracks. They make piles. They look into windows, and disappear. There are millions of them to count. You have been waiting for the snow too, although you did not know it.

At school, when you sing the Christmas songs, you look out of the window, and the snowflakes are listening. . . . "Ring out wild bells!" . . . And the snow comes, and the tops of houses get white, and things go by without noises.

At recess you run out into the snow, and it is waiting for you. You dance with it. Some of the snowflakes see you coming. They run away. But others don't. You hold up your face, and the snow touches it. You jump, and snow gets tangled in your hair. The trees all look excited and surprised. They are being dressed in lacy things.

All day it snows. Where is snow coming from? The night is not black, like other nights. It is grey, and there are blue feelings around it. The snow keeps coming, and coming.

When you wake up you run to the window. There is a pile of diamonds on the floor. You touch it with your toes. It is cold, and pulls away. Soon Mademoiselle arrives and shuts the window. She takes away the diamonds in a shovel. You dress quickly, looking out of windows. Everything is beautiful. Some of the trees are glass. The fir-trees stand with their heads bent down.

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They have white crowns on their heads. They are dressed in white dresses, with trains. They are like queens who are sad.

You go to school in a sleigh. Albert has on a fur cap, and you cannot see any of Albert but his face. On his face, his nose is blue. He is a gnome. You get into the sleigh and snuggle, and a big rug comes up around you. You go off over the beautiful world and little bells ring. There is no noise anywhere, but bells.

Christmas arrives. There is a lot of talk about Santa Claus. You aren't quite sure about Santa Claus — people smile when they talk about him. But Aunt Agatha says that he is true. Would Aunt Agatha make lies?

You tie up one of Mademoiselle's big stockings to the end of your bed, and you stay awake. You are going to find out about Santa Claus. After a long while you hear somebody arriving. You lie very still. You make your eyes look shut. You see the door open. You wait. Santa Claus ought to come down chimneys. Uncle Edward comes in on his toes. He is carrying things. He comes over and looks at you. You keep yourself quiet, and you breathe with a noise, like Anna. Uncle Edward puts things into the stocking that you have hung up. There are a lot of things. The stocking is not big enough for them all. Uncle Edward ties things on to the stocking, and on to the post of the bed.

Then he comes and leans over you, and you shut up your eyes tight. You can hear him breathe, and you can smell his smoky smell. He puts a kiss on your face, and pulls up the blankets around you, and goes away. You sit up in bed. You want to call him back. You want to talk about things. But he has gone away, and the door is shut, and you are alone. Then you know that Aunt Agatha has told lies, and Uncle Edward, and everybody. Santa Claus isn't true. Do people tell lies about everything? How can you be sure? Maybe God isn't true, either. But you are very, very sleepy — too sleepy to think about God. . . .

First thing, in the morning, you open your stocking. Uncle Edward comes in in his night trousers and watches you do it. You pull out lovely things. For a minute you want to ask Uncle Edward about Santa Claus not happening, but Uncle Edward looks happy. He says "Santa brought you everything you

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wanted, Marian!" And you look at Uncle Edward being happy over telling lies, and you say "Yes."

When Christmas has disappeared you pile up all the things that you have got, in the Nursery. The Nursery is big, and sun pokes into it. It has pink roses on the wall. The roses are as big as your head, and they grow in rows. When they get to the ceiling some of them have to have their heads cut off. Once, when you were sick and had to stay in bed and have headaches, you counted all the roses that grow on the wall in the Nursery. But now you have forgotten how many there are.

Aunt Agatha says the roses are faded, but they don't look the way faded roses generally do. They have not shut up themselves from the world, and they do not look sad.

The Nursery has a rug that is pink. If you run around over it very fast, sliding your feet, you can make funny feelings in the ends of your fingers when you touch things. It is a fairy rug. In the Nursery you keep everything that you love, that can be kept in houses. Once, when you are playing in there, Aunt Agatha comes in. She is dressed up in a black dress with a lot of her neck coming out. She has sparkly things on herself. She says, "I want you to put your old toys together. I am going to send them to St. Martin's."

St. Martin's is a place where little poor children have to live. It is a place where old things go. You think quickly of all the old toys that you love, and that you do not want to let go to St. Martin's. But you do not tell Aunt Agatha what you are thinking, and Aunt Agatha goes away.

You sit down and put into one side of your head all the things that you want to keep forever. You want to keep most all of the old things, forever. You will send away the new things to St. Martin's, and you will keep the old things. You know just how to play with the old things, and you love them. The new things are exciting, but you do not love them.

When Aunt Agatha comes to get the things for St. Martin's, she does not understand. She does not understand about your loving the old things best. She takes all the old things that you love, and she puts them into a box, and some of them break, when she does it. You stand beside Aunt Agatha and watch her

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throwing the things that are yours into a box that will be taken away. You want to cry. You want to run at Aunt Agatha and hit her. You are wicked.

When all the old things are in the box, Aunt Agatha makes a string go round it, and ties the string in knots. You will never see any of the dear old things again. They will be played with by little poor children who will not know how they all want to be played with. Tears come out of yourself. You feel things inside of you swelling. Aunt Agatha is going out of the door. She looks around at you. She sees the tears coming out of you. She says "I would not have believed, Marian, that you could be so selfish. . ." and she goes away.

You lie down on the floor and cry without making any noise. All the new, queer toys stare at you. They do not care about your crying. You want to hurt the new toys the way Aunt Agatha hurt the old ones that you love. But you are afraid. It is wicked to love old toys.

On the table in the library is a little knife. It has been in there for ages. You look at it, and you wish for it. It is what you need to fix pencils with. It is what you want, awfully.

You think about the little knife a lot. You think of the things that you could do with it. You could undo branches from trees. You could take off the outside of branches, and make beautiful, shiny canes.

If you had the little knife you could cut up apples with it at recess, and you could scrape things with it, and you could make holes in the ground. It would be wonderful to have that little knife! Very often, you go into the library and look at it. It lies there, and is beautiful. You are afraid to touch it. You only look at it, and wish that it was yours.

One day you touch it. It does not pay any attention. You pick it up and make it come open. It has sharp insides. You wish for it. Suddenly, you put it into your pocket. It is yours! You can make shiny canes. You can cut up apples. You can scoop holes. It is yours!

You carry it around and feel it, but you are afraid to do things with it. Someone will see it and know that you are a Thief. When Mademoiselle looks at you, you get hot. When anybody comes

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near you, you get away. You are a Thief. The little knife is in your pocket. You love it. You are a Thief. When you go to bed you put the little knife under your pillow, and you lie down and think and you know that you are a Thief. Mademoiselle goes away. Everything gets quiet. It is dark.

Suddenly you know that you cannot be a Thief any more. You jump out of bed and run out into the hall with the little knife in your hand. People are talking, downstairs. It is Aunt Agatha telling Jacob things to do. You run downstairs. Your feet make soft noises on the boards. Aunt Agatha is sitting on the sofa. When she sees you she stops talking to Jacob, and she looks surprised. You run up to her, and hold out the little knife. You say, "Here! I stole it!" But Aunt Agatha looks at the little knife, and she says, "What do you mean, Marian?"

You tell her about stealing it off the library table. You keep saying, "You see . . . I'm a Thief. . . ." But Aunt Agatha doesn't understand how wicked you are. She says, "Oh, that's all right. Go back to bed. You'll catch cold. . . ." But you see . . . I'm a Thief . . . *don't* you see? I'm a Thief!" Aunt Agatha says, "Nonsense. Nobody wants the knife. Go back to bed."

So you leave the little knife with Aunt Agatha, and go back to bed. You are not a Thief any more. But you knew that you were a Thief when you took the little knife. Why doesn't Aunt Agatha know it?

Sometimes, for school, you have to write stories out of your head. You do it at home, and then you take the stories with you to school, and give them to Miss Marvel. If Miss Marvel does not like the stories that come out of you, she makes red marks all over them, and throws them away.

Generally Miss Marvel tells you what the stories have to be about. She has made stories come out of you about any old thing. But one day she says, "This time you can write about whatever you like. . . ."

You are glad. You have excited ideas. But somebody says, "Oh, Miss Marvel! Tell us what to write about! How do we know what to write about?" But Miss Marvel says, "No. Choose your own subject. Write about anything you like."

Imagine! There is the whole world around you! And you can

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write about anything you like! You can hardly wait to get home. You have sums to do, and other lessons. But you forget about them. You think only of the story that can be about anything in the world. . . .

You run upstairs to the Nursery. For a minute you wonder what to write about. Then you see a Prince. He has blue clothes, and hair in curls. He comes walking over the world. You begin to write. The Prince does lovely things . . . you write. Mademoiselle comes in and talks. You wish for her to go, and she goes. The Prince does anything you want. He runs into woods and finds Princesses. He makes a Castle. He is a fairy . . . you write. . . . Mademoiselle comes in again and talks about supper. You have to leave the Prince, and eat. But after supper he comes running back to you, and you do not end him off until it is time for bed. You go to bed, but you cannot sleep because of the Prince. You think of things he ought to have done. You think of things you could still make him do. You know him better than anybody that you know.

Next day you give the story to Miss Marvel. Will she understand about the Prince? Will she cover him all over with red marks? Will she throw him away?

You hate to give the Prince to Miss Marvel. It is mean of you. But you have to. You feel shaky when Miss Marvel takes him, and puts him in a drawer. You want to tell her he is beautiful, and that she oughtn't to put him in there.

You have not done any of the other lessons you are supposed to have done. . . . People are mad. And you cannot tell them about the Prince. You cannot blame things on him. You are sad. But when you think of the Prince, sadness goes. You are glad you have made him, even if he will be thrown away. You will have him in your head, forever.

When you are going home, Miss Marvel makes you stop at her desk. She is holding the Prince, and turning over his pages. She says, "Who helped you with this, Marian?"

Is she making jokes? Who could help you with a Prince? You laugh. But Miss Marvel says, "Answer me, Marian, who helped you with this story?" And you say, "Why, only the Prince. . . ." You don't know how to explain things to Miss Marvel. She says, "Well. You are a strange child. . . ."

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Then she puts the Prince back in the drawer. You wish for him. You say, "Can I have the Prince again, ever?" But Miss Marvel says, "I will keep the story, Marian, if you don't mind."

You do mind. But Miss Marvel keeps it.

Just when you are getting tired of winter, it goes. It goes quietly, so you won't notice. The snow skips down hills. The icicles make diamonds on the ends of themselves. Everything is soft. You cannot go on sleds any more. Sleds stick into the world. They get put into cellars.

Soon the snow all disappears. And you don't care. You are wishing for summer. You have green thoughts. It is a million years since summer was. Little furry balls are arriving on a tree at the bottom of the hill. They are pink, low down, and grey on their tops. You love them. You let them touch you, and they whisper things about summer.

Summer begins to arrive. You know about its arriving before it lets you see it. The tops of things have green feelings, and winds smell good. People laugh. Albert digs up the world with a shovel. He puts seeds into holes. They will make themselves into vegetables for you to eat.

Spence and Sarah and the Pale Lady who is their mother are going away. They are going to the Paree places that Mademoiselle came from. One day Sarah and Spence and the Pale Lady who is their mother arrive to make goodbyes. You go out into the garden with Spence. You go down to the place in back of the stable where a cow is. Then you go away down the road to the Gate. You climb up on it, and Spence makes it into a ship. He stands on top, and steers. You have to fix sails, and things. Just when a wave is coming, Aunt Agatha, and Sarah, and the Pale Lady come too. You have to get off the ship and be Polite. The Pale Lady looks sad. She says, "Say goodbye now, children . . ." and you look at Spence and Sarah, and they look back at you. It is not like saying goodbyes on other days. You don't know how to say goodbyes for long times. You look at Spence. Does he know how to say long goodbyes? But Spence says "Listen! I'll run you a race!"

You start. You hear Aunt Agatha calling. But you go on. You

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run very fast. Your legs won't stop. Your hair flops. Winds come. And Spence yells, "To the woods! To the woods!"

Everything gets way behind you. There is nothing ahead but woods. And you are saying goodbyes inside of yourself to Spence. You want Spence to win this race. And Spence wins. He laughs, and puts out his hands in his happy way. He says, "I won! I won!" And you are glad.

Then you have to go back to things. They are waiting for you. When you get to where Aunt Agatha is, and the Pale Lady, you have to make loud goodbyes. Sarah gives you kisses. But Spence doesn't. He looks away off, away off down the lawn to the woods, and he says, very low, "Well. Goodbye. . . ."

And you go back to the house with Aunt Agatha.

The little house that was yours is locked up. There are newspapers stuck in the windows. You cannot see into the little house any more. The trees stoop over it, and talk, but nobody is there to listen.

You still walk there, sometimes, with Mademoiselle. The little house looks at you, and is sad. There is nothing to do there any more. You think about goodbyes. You ask Uncle Edward about them. "Will Spence and Sarah come back?" And Uncle Edward says, "I'm afraid not, Marian . . ." and you say, "Didn't they love the little house?" But Uncle Edward says, "I wonder. . . ."

Then you go upstairs to bed. The Nursery is hot and yellow. Outside, night is arriving. You watch it while you get undressed. Things get blue. Shadows walk. There is a star. Suddenly you feel a surprise. You say to Mademoiselle, "Where do the nights all come from? Where is the beginning of things?"

But Mademoiselle goes on unbuttoning you, and she says, "*Quelle idée!* Who finds beginnings? It is ends of things that we know. . . ."

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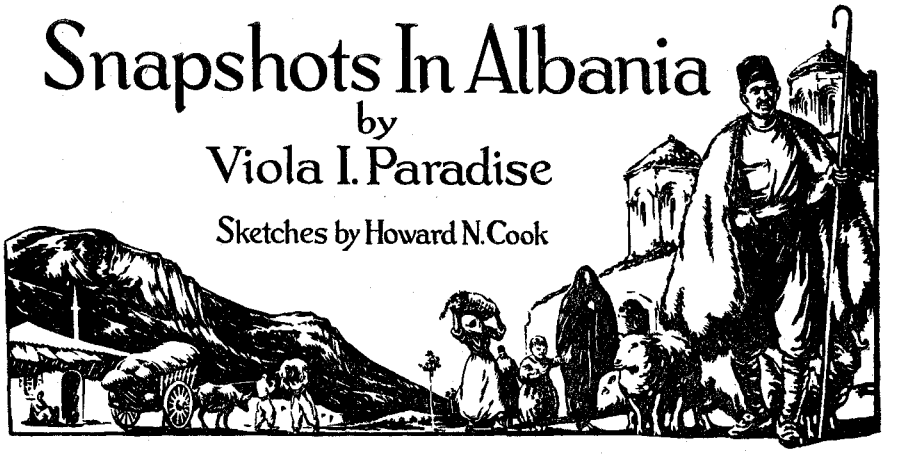
Snapshots In Albania

by

Viola I. Paradise

Sketches by Howard N. Cook



"DO NOT," once advised an editor, "do not write about rosy dawns upon the mountain top. People prefer reading about the cracked pitcher, and the window that sticks."

We had met them many places, the cracked pitcher and the sticking window, but never in such happy juxtaposition as in our first Albanian Inn in Durazzo, a hotel with all ancient inconveniences. The cracked pitcher was useful, but there was nothing into which to pour away the water we had washed in. We appealed to the chamber boy, by gesture, for we had no common language. His replying gesture we interpreted "throw it out the window." Now our window was directly over the door of the hotel, in the street that led to the anchorage of ships. So we had to watch the steps of the passers-by, of whom there were many, and whose steps were gay: though decorous of gait, many of the peasant men were brilliant in wide white trousers, braided in black, and with high multicolored socks, — purple, cerise, orange, green, the hues knitted one into the other. The peasant women were no less colorful with their striped cotton shawls covering their heads and faces, except for a single eye to steer by. One carried on her back a wooden cradle, which neglected no part of the rainbow. Only the upper class women were sombre, in black all-enveloping costume, not even a single eye showing behind their thick veils. Boogie women.

Imagine us, leaning out of the window, basin in hand, waiting the opportune moment, never sure that once we thought we had

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found it, the hotel door would not discharge some innocent into an uninvited baptism. Yet the deed, long delayed, was accomplished, without catastrophe, though a man with a live sheep draped over his shoulders had a narrow escape. However, it was a *faux pas*, this water slinging. The proprietor came up, with grave courtesy, to show us a little hole in the floor of the hall, through which it should have been poured away.

It had a dignified reserve, this little inn, that seemed in no way chilly. On the contrary a pleasant, easy atmosphere, despite the crude unyielding room, and the beds that boded no good. As for food it was excellent, and its choosing sweetly simple. No inscrutable menus, no esoteric blurred inkings on flimsy paper. Instead a tour to the kitchen, the lids taken off the pots for our inspection; and our dinner was chosen by eclectic forefingers.

* * *

The innkeeper's lad put on his fez, and led us to the Prefecture. Up a long flight of outside stairs we climbed, passing on each landing a soldier in a different uniform. It is a new country, and odds and ends of raiment have been bought from many armies,—an American uniform, topped by a fez; French blue; anything. We send in our introductory letter from the anteroom of the Prefect, and as we wait watch the men gathered there, waiting for their audience: anxious business men, fezzed and sashed; tall young recruits from the mountains in their homespuns and tribal braidings. What gorgeous apparel will grace the Prefect himself? And how will our poor French, — of a kind with the cracked pitcher and the sticking window, — how will it work? We are a bit nervous.

At last we are ushered in. But no, surely that is not the Prefect, that Englishman in tweeds! But, my word, yes! Albanian, but educated in Oxford. We are to learn later with what skilful language knack the Albanians pick up not only the words but the intonations of the people among whom they live.

The interview began to partake of an Alice-in-Wonderland nature. Interruptions every minute. Now a man with a petition. Now a state paper to be signed. Often the eastern gesture, the right hand touching feet, heart, lips, and forehead, in quick undulating succession, so quickly it all seemed a single motion. The Prefect abbreviated his replying gesture by a mere touch of his

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forehead, and exchanged the greeting, *Tunya Tieta*, which means "long life," and is used for nearly every courtesy, from "thank you" to "good night." Now a man came in with small white sacks. The Prefect opened them to show us shining gold napoleons, the adopted standard coin of coinless, bankless Albania. Conversation about the recent rebellion, — the city was still under martial law; about the hangings of some of the plotters. Perhaps it was the many interruptions which made it difficult for us to follow the story of how the Prefect had pretended to flee, but had really gone to get fresh reinforcements. All very Balkan. And then such an English-sounding invitation to dinner!

An afternoon of wandering about the bazaars, of watching the mountaineers dance on the beach, improvising songs as they danced; being guided about the old ruined walls, and hearing tales of unexcavated treasure of ancient days. Then dinner, — incongruously modern, almost as if it happened in the English equivalent of an Italian Greenwich Village restaurant. The British Minister came in, and there was talk of hunting and dogs, and did the Prefect know a good gardener, and too bad the nightingales had not yet begun to sing. And then, because of martial law, the evening was over. Back to our hotel.

* * *

The night! An appreciable portion of it was spent standing in the middle of the floor, trying to gain courage to go back to bed from the persuasive literature on our faithful box of insect powder, and revising our costume with raincoats and other swathings as nearly impervious as we could make them. Heretofore we had weathered the shock of fleas, had discovered that they are even respectably inevitable in some parts of the world. We had survived several occupations, had once or twice been densely populated, and for months had owned devastated areas. Even a typewriter was bitten, and wrote of "the fleadom of the sees." But this was different. And yet we knew that many Balkan months were ahead of us, that every day would be followed by a night of

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one kind or another. It was inevitable that sometime . . . eventually, why not now? We pillsburied back to bed.

And slept fitfully till an earthquake woke us at five-thirty. The one big shake was less unwelcome than the many little disturbances of the night. We got up, but nothing was shattered except the nerves of our friend the Prefect.

* * *

On the way to Tirana the capital in the Worst Ford In The World. A series of rattling collapses, each involving an expiring engine, each needing much hand-pushing to the top of a hill, where gravity could come to the rescue. And this at the end of a market day. Bulky peasant carts drawn on their slow way home by deliberate bullocks were moved aside to let us pass, only after much hauling, sweating work. A single passing would not have been so bad. But to get by, and then collapse, and be caught up with and passed by, and then revived and have to make the difficult pass again, — it was too much. Yet there was worse, — a herd of thirty-seven cattle, unruly and stupid, with bucking and bunting unrepressed desires. Three times we passed, and were repassed by them, with labor and groaning. Through it all our driver's companion, — avowedly his helper, — would lean anxiously over the driver, or would peer into the engine, or would wave his arms ineffectively to discourage the cattle. But his movements were never violent enough to shake out of the valley of his fez a cigarette that rolled blithely about there, nor to disturb the jauntiness of the other cigarette which he wore tucked behind his ear.

The car's twelfth and final stop happened in a wide open lonely place. Vain pushings and tinkerings. A rusty nail, substitute for some unknown part in a pump, is removed from the pump, and tried in a new place in the engine. Without avail. By now even Albanian patience has given out. Our driver loses his temper. He is the only Albanian we ever saw lose his temper. He spat in the engine.

We were considering which way to seek a house, to ask shelter for the night, for it was now dusk. And then, out of space, appeared a tiny speck, moving, growing. It materialized into a machine, coming from the capital, Tirana. It stopped, an army truck. Out of it sprang a tall young man, with a smile of welcome

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"Are you Viola and Helen?"

Just like that. A machine out of space, and a god out of the machine, with a greeting — Albanian-wise — by our first names, in our own language.

A suitable rescue, the *deus* being the secretary to the Minister of the Interior, whom the Durazzo Prefect had telephoned of our coming. And now we met the other men in the truck, all volunteers to the aid of the government in the late rebellion. Of the ten of them six had been immigrants to America, and spoke English. They took us in, but not to the capital, instead back to Durazzo, but the journey was pleasant, — moonlight and song, ranging from mountain chants to "I'm forever blowing bubbles"; and Tipperary, done both in English and Albanian.

* * *

It is flattering indeed to have a Prime Minister give a dinner for you. A function to look forward to, and back upon, with delight, — like jam yesterday and jam tomorrow. But at the time, despite excellent food and distinguished company, there are drawbacks. You sit, for instance, between two Ministers, one of whom has only Italian, the other only French to talk to you with. Of course they each have a large assortment of Balkan languages, but these are scarcely helpful. Now either your Italian or your French, as a separate thing, is a sorry limping aide. But when you are compelled to do a lightning change act from one to the other, and when sitting opposite you at the table is an Englishwoman who speaks both these languages with agility, and who can scarcely suppress her convulsive mirth, — ah well, there are bitter moments. You try to get some surcease of grief from a third Minister, down the table a bit. He gravely recites an English piece which a flippant American correspondent taught him: "You are a pretty girl, kiss me quick." Does he really believe it to be the equivalent of some such Albanian greeting as "Long

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life to you!" or "Glory to your feet!"? But now there is a *divertissement:* the band begins to play. A unique and lusty band. It was organized in Worcester, Massachusetts, by the Albanians there, and took itself back home as a gift to the native land of its members. Twenty-nine pieces. Each magnified by the low ceiling of the little hall of the hotel's second floor, — the hall off which the hotel's dozen bedrooms open. A guest of the hotel, — not of this banquet, — takes advantage of the music to slip back of the chairs of the diners, into his room. Now the program changes. The band puts aside its instruments and sings, now mountain chants, now popular American and European songs; but beautifully. The leader of the band, once flutist in the Boston Symphony orchestra, plays a lovely solo. The dinner is over. Farewells are said. We take three steps from the banquet hall to our bedrooms, and are at home.

* * *

The lack of language interferes surprisingly little with travel. There are of course exceptional situations. The towel incident, for example, at the Elbasson hotel. We succeeded in conveying to the hotel's boy that we wanted something with which to dry our hands. The towel came, in the singular, a strip of loosely woven cloth of many colors, — new, non-absorbent. It was easily divisible into service for two because of its crosswise stripes of yellow, red, orange, and green. Alas, we had it only a few minutes. For when the boy returned, smiling, saying something in his native tongue, we thought he was asking if everything was all right. We shook our heads from side to side, — the Albanian gesture for *yes*, just as it is ours for *no*. At the moment it seemed a most convenient bit of topsy-turvey-dom, squaring us with our consciences, and at the same time conveying with wile a contentment with the service. We were, however, left to gasp, for he took the towel away. Fifteen minutes later he brought it back: some other guest had enjoyed it in the interim!

* * *

The mayor of Elbasson grasps the handle of the bell, — much like our old-fashioned dinner bells, — and rings it heartily; and from the next room appears an employe who listens respectfully to the order that he go to the house of the father of the affianced of the Minister of the Interior, to borrow his carriage. And half

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an hour later we are riding in the august vehicle, to visit the famous old Moslem monastery.

Though old in tradition and history, the building is unexpectedly new in structure, and flimsily built, as if discouraged by its many destructions at the hands of marauding Turks and Greeks and earthquakes. But if the building was disappointing, the *Baba*, its head priest, had a compensatory gorgeousness. At the head of the room, on a low dais or platform which ran about three sides of the room, he sat, cross-legged, on a snow white goatskin rug. The general effect of him was green, a bright vivid shrieking green. But one did not overlook the foundation of a blue and white striped robe and white jacket. His beard was long, white, and curly; his hair, too, topped with a brilliant turban that began with green to match his outside robe, and ended up with white. His coal black eyes smiled gently out of his parchment yellow face. The rugs on the dais, except for his white one, were of long-haired pink and white and black and yellow wool. Oriental rugs, more familiarly colorful, covered the floor.

He held out his hand to us, and we shook it, — a *faux pas*, we discovered when a moment later our guide and the mayor kissed it. But he was not offended or lofty. Other people other customs, — it seems an Albanian philosophy; even the least lettered peasant accepts in a stranger any breach of their own custom or etiquette. The Baba was just a nice, simple old man, sitting among his rugs and accessories. These presented some strange contrasts: a modern thermos bottle, for instance, and an age-old Mohammedan rosary of handsome ancient amber; a box of Italian cough drops, a box of home-made cigarettes, various pipes, various medicines, a box of delicious Turkish paste; and other oddments.

Our part of the conversation was little and second hand. Our guide translated a little of the talk between the *Baba* and the mayor about the *Baba's* recent illness. In the course of the discussion, the *Baba* reached for a little box from which he took a set of false teeth. He then removed the set that was in his mouth, and there was talk of the respective merits of the two, — all done with great delicacy and naturalness. All so simple and homely that we had not the heart to turn the conversation off into the relation of the church to modern Albanian life.

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A five day horseback trip. The passengers are a by-product, the important cargo being sugar and salt carried horseback across the mountains. My horse was named Knrrrrr. (You half roll, half exhale through the *r*s.) He seemed short-sighted from the first, did Knrrrrr, keeping his nose close to the ground, as if smelling his way. This disconcerting habit gave the rider, piled rather high on the blankets which alleviated the rigors of the wooden saddle, the sensation of always being on the edge of a precipice. And there were enough real precipices.

One day it seemed that Knrrrrr's sense of smell was giving out, for his two outside legs slipped, and he recovered his footing just in time. The gypsy, who was dashing forward and back among the horses, to keep them on the proper trail, came at once, looked at Knrrrrr critically, and then called to the leader of the cavalcade, the sturdy Albanian owner of the horses, who was walking ahead. A consultation. Knrrrrr was led to a stream. The leader stooped over, took a mouthful of water, and with the daintiness and precision of a glass blower, squirted half of it into Knrrrrr's right eye, the other half into his left. This restored somewhat Knrrrrr's sense of smell, but the gypsy was never far away the rest of the day, and the rider felt less ashamed of her qualms, especially when Knrrrrr bumped into the wall of a trail, and another time when the sudden barking of a dog set him off on a frightened rush that looked and felt like old Mary Pickford stuff. The next morning another horse was assigned to me, Knrrrrr being entrusted with bags of salt. We had not been out fifteen minutes in that rainy dawn before poor Knrrrrr went over a precipice, falling away into space. He had gone blind. The party went on, sobered.

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The wee village, variously spelt, but pronounced "Tchooks," was a welcome haven after twelve weary muscle-wracked hours in the wooden saddles. The episode of "Tchooks" was a mixture of comic opera and Parsifal, beginning with the Top Sergeant of the Post whom we met coming out of a building as we drew up to dismount. He apparently composed the Post, his superior officer being away. He was host, at once, though apparently he had not expected us so soon. We shall always think of him as Paris Garters, because of his excellent French and because of his costume: an immaculate horizon blue uniform, toney despite a lack of puttees or other bindings for his socked and gartered legs, with their hiatus of pink calves between the dark of the black silk socks and the daylight of his horizon blue breeches.

He introduced us with a dignity above garters to the Miftar, the village's one official, who led us up a long steep trail to his own mountain home, the best in that little place. The walk dragged with nightmare tiredness, our clothes were heavy with mud and rain, every step had to be willed consciously. At last we reached his house, followed the Miftar through the stable, up a steep ladder into the room, which at that moment seemed the last word in luxury: a bright fire was burning, and there was a chimney so that the room was not smoky. The furnishing consisted of three bright long-haired rugs.

Several men were in the room, but not our host's wife, for our guide was of course a man, and a good Moslem wife could not appear unveiled. The men were not explained to us. One youth was apparently the son of the house, but there was another man present who dominated the situation, strangely. He was not unusual in physical build, for most of the mountain men were tall and lithe, but there was about him an inner glow almost of exhaltation, as he worked over the fire and prepared coffee for us. We sank down on the rugs and drank the delicious bitter-sweet mixture greedily. Then, in his strange almost chanting voice, he said something, which our guide translated in a matter of fact way, "He wants to know if you don't want your feet washed." Immediately it seemed that the most desirable thing in the world would be to wash our tired mud-caked feet.

A pause. Then a large copper jug with a long nose was brought, and a pewter basin. This, surely, was a prelude to privacy? But

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no, the son of the family brought the basin to one of us, and waited for shoes and stockings to come off. Suddenly it seemed the most gracious natural and moving hospitality to pour warm water over labored feet. This the youth did, while the glowing mountaineer washed them gently; and the peace that descended with the warm water made us realize why this act is a part of so many religions. Yet the feeling was more than peace. We were deeply moved, and touched because we felt included as we had never felt included before in the custom of the countryside; and because it was not felt that we, being strangers, might have scorned this courtesy. As we turned round to dry our feet at the fire, we had a sensation rare even in far-off places: the feeling of being really remote, far away from every contact with our once familiar world — detached.

Then, to our surprise, the glowing man excused himself, saying he would speed us on our journey in the morning. And we learned that he was no part of the household, not even of that district, but a mountaineer from another part of the country traveling in an opposite direction, who happened to have known a small group of Americans at a time that was crucial for him and his people; and that, hearing of us, he had asked to be given a chance to minister to our comforts.

Our Parsifal gone, food was set before us, a pewter dish of eggs, with three spoons; and a bowl of warm milk.

* * *

Presently our lot falls in more elegant ways. We reach Pogradets, and are the guests in the house of the rich *Bey*, where our host and our guide and several of the city officials, including the mayor who had been in the United States, lead us to the door of our bedroom, and then leave us to prepare for dinner. Two little girls, about eight and ten years old, appear, rather shy, but grave and dignified. Then comes a servant with warm water in what could best be described as a portable silver fountain. One of the little girls, Mehebat, by name, holds a basin to catch the water, while the servant sprinkles our hands and faces. We hate to use the soft linen towels after such gentle sprinkling of our travel-stained persons, and we use them gingerly. "Blot, don't rub" is our motto. The mother of the little girls appears. Con-

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versation is limited, but not impossible. By now our Albanian vocabulary consists of the following:

Po	yes
Yo	no
Mir	good
Shum	very
Shquipri	Albania
Tunia Tieta	Good morning, good night, thank you, and many other greetings.

With this vocabulary and our combined fingers and shrugs, and two photographs, and a past of reading of romantic novels, we learn that the son of the family was sent to Italy to school, and married a young non-Mohammedan foreigner; that the father had been very angry, had gone forthwith to Italy, had seen the girl, liked her, and a reconciliation had taken place. The detail of the conversation is something like this:

Our hostess points to her two little girls, puts up two fingers, points to herself to indicate possession. Points to a photograph, raises one finger to show that he is the only son. The common word *Italia*. Gestures of reading and writing, and a knitted brow, to indicate school. The photograph of the girl, and a gesture to indicate that she is like us, foreign. The words *Yo shquipri*. A gesture towards the hall, which in some indescribable way indicates the majesty of the head of the house; a thunderous frown, a wringing of hands. A shrug, and a waving of the hands which quite clearly indicates a passage of time. A romantic smile: now everything is "*shum mir*."

Why *do* we Simians painfully "learn five different ways to say the same thing?"

There is a sound in the hall. The servant comes to the door. A fluttering of flight, hasty adieux, and the little girls and their mother scamper out of the room, for male strangers are in the house. Now the mayor and town council arrive, inviting us in American: "Well, you are coming to the house of this fella for grub. He just married, and his wife wants to know some Americans. He used to live in Minnesota."

It is a pleasant dinner party, of delicious food, daintily served by the bride, not a Mohammedan, but a Greek Orthodox, and

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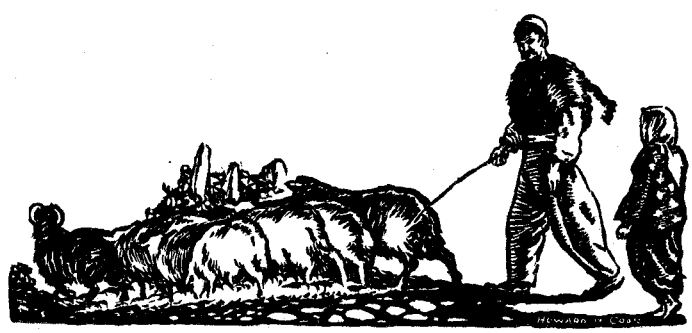
therefore able to appear at the dinner which she is giving. Her head is uncovered, her hair in long braids, after the fashion of the non-Moslem women. She is shy and silent, but the men talk easily about American life and politics, and our host brings out an American newspaper from his Minnesota town. (We found many Albanians who subscribed to American papers, some to the Boston "Transcript").

The dinner is over, we go back to the house of our host, the Bey. Or one should say the ex-Bey, for titles have been legislated away in the country's new independence. After days of rigorous travel, and nights on floors, the beds are indeed a rare luxury, a miracle, almost: fancy iron beds of gorgeous black and gilt, no springs, but deep thick mattresses, hand-woven linen sheets, thick satin comforters, red velvet bolsters, and gauze-like silk coverlets of white and vermilion hand-woven sheets. A pity to put our inadequately washed selves into this delicate grandeur. But we do not long hesitate. Now comes sleep, deep, luscious warm sleep, nightgowned sleep.

And the next day we set out in an automobile, over the smooth good roads of Southern Albania for Korcha, a city of which nearly every man has been in the United States.



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THE NEW COINCIDENCE

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

IS a coincidence always a coincidence, or is it sometimes a sign from an occult guide? If it is a message from occult sources, is it delivered by a departed spirit or is it merely an expression of the subconscious self? Here are the reflections of one who has approached to the brink of belief in spiritism without plunging in, although tempted by a believer's plausible interpretations of incidents which many sceptical readers may be able to match from their own experience. There is authority for both sides.

WHETHER or not one personally credits the direct intervention of spirits of the departed in our affairs, it is no longer possible to ignore the belief or ridicule it out of existence. Too many distinguished names are attached to it. Men of letters, artists, clergymen, and scientists are invariably, for manifest reasons, among the first to be drawn into any conspicuous investigation of it. It has been so ever since the days when Horace Greeley, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Cooper, and the great stranger then within our gates, Thackeray, plunged into the maelstrom of agitation over the transcendental powers of those pioneer mediums of unsavory fame, the Fox sisters. No one can deny the importance of such devotees as Bulwer Lytton, Mrs. Browning, William Dean Howells, Henry James, Saint Saens, Flammarion, and William James, — to mention but a few who come to mind. If one added the names of all the living writers, headed by Sir James Barrie and Rudyard Kipling, who have dallied with the subject to the point of near-belief, the list would be quadrupled.

The man in the street is apt to maintain that in all these years of research, no atom of proof of any supernatural fact has been produced. Nothing emerges to his consciousness but the strange antics of mighty intellectual moths and brilliant butterflies, fluttering persistently about the phantom flame of a delusion. Nevertheless, he should help to keep alive its fitful glimmer, if only in the interests of innocent, human exhilaration. The chill wind of common sense has extinguished so many diverting enthusiasms!

Once embarked upon a fearless exposure of truth and falsehood alike, I think we should be chary of giving our credence to stories of supernatural manifestations which depend upon the word of

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one or two, or even a few, witnesses. We require a round dozen of men of all sorts and opinions on a jury, yet their unanimous conclusions often turn out to be wrong. Hence, decisions relating to such impalpable beings as spirits should be based upon testimony many times as emphatic. And still greater caution must be exercised if witnesses are predisposed to a sympathetic belief in each other's psychic powers, since a wish can father a vision as easily as a thought.

Therefore, although I listen without prejudice to all tales of apparitions, with their embellishments, from auras to ectoplasmic draperies; of the touch of spirit hands and lips; of messages written or rapped out by man-made instruments in the grasp of living persons or spoken through the voices of mediums; nevertheless, I can but doubt them all, as I should the evidence of my own senses under the strain of similar ghostly experiences. It was Henry Hawkins, Q. C., I think, who said that he would rather convict a murderer on circumstantial evidence than on the mere word of witnesses, because circumstances rarely lied, while men very often did. It is for this reason that I am more interested in coincidences than in spectres. Coincidences are inextricably bound up with actual things which readily can be proved to exist: visible objects like books, manuscripts, and letters; or calamities, such as fires, injuries, and deaths, — realities which are definitely known to many men and often are a matter of public record. Consequently, in coincidences, indications of the supernatural carry real weight and cannot be swept away peremptorily by sceptics as "Lies! All lies!"

Any coincidence becomes of importance if subsequent events justify the belief that it began with an "inspiration" or "warning," which, if duly heeded, might or did avert catastrophe; or, if unheeded, has been substantiated later by disasters that were predicted in the warning. The story of the discovery of a safe method of transporting TNT during the War establishes the point I am attempting to make, for it contains a wellnigh unassailable combination of "faith and fact." It begins with the chief actor's head in the clouds of miraculous inspiration while his feet are planted solidly on the earth; and ends with his hands adequately full of results which are plainly to be seen and highly valuable to all men. Every one knows that the Germans con-

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temptuously tossed to the world the formula for the making of the great explosive, because they did not believe that any chemists but their own could put it into shape to pack and ship in safety.

The American scientist, Lyell Rader, was one of a group of chemists who were working feverishly, day and night, to discover the mighty secret necessary to the proper handling of TNT, for all the Allies were terribly hampered by their lack of this knowledge. Mr. Rader states that he has been a life-long student of the Bible. He reads it for guidance and consolation and goes to it for enlightenment upon all occasions of doubt. One evening, when he was feeling particularly despondent over his failure to solve the problem confronting him and his associates, he opened the book of Job, at random, and began to read the thirty-eighth chapter. When he came to the twenty-second verse, he saw these words: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" There at last before his very eyes was the inspiration which he needed so sorely for his country. Immediately, he saw with his trained mind's eye, falling snow or rain turned by centrifugal force into hail. He thought of its spherical shape, of its extreme compactness and then — he had it! By sublimation, TNT could be brought down to this granular form so that it could be handled and sent anywhere. He tells us that he slept quietly that night, confident that his problem was solved. And it was.

I have a friend whom I call a spiritist, but who calls himself a spiritual philosopher. The emotional return which he gets from this story makes him little less than radiant. Moreover, he contends that critics of spiritualism should now cease to carp at the efforts of himself and others to obtain inspiration direct from the other world. I have no slightest wish to discourage him when I reiterate that, in spite of Rader's indisputable achievement, no topic is more apt to receive a personal bias or stealthy "push" than is this one of strange happenings which suggest occult influence or origin.

For instance, I myself have been the victim of four fires. Two of them occurred indoors and resulted in the ruin of two houses.

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And two were outdoor fires which passed utterly beyond human control, to be stopped only by natural boundaries. One turned an acre of virgin evergreen forest into an ash-heap surrounding blackened stumps; the other swept bare before my very eyes an enchanting tangle of wild bloom, — the entire growth of a hillside. Therefore it is but natural that I should be suspected of hysteria concerning coincidences which are associated with fires. Even though the burden of proof rests heavy upon me, I must shoulder it cheerfully, asking for no mercy. It is not enough to be modestly confident of my own integrity; I should be ready at all times with tangible witnesses.

To be sure, my friend the spiritist demands none of these things of me; he is far more concerned with the fact, — to him deplorable, — that my nature is not submissive to spiritual control. He is certain that ancestors or interested friends who have passed before me into the "beyond," have tried repeatedly to get through messages to my dull, self-hindered consciousness about these impending disasters, — messages that not only would have put me into communication with those who still care for me, but which might have spared me much anxiety and material loss. At this point, I reply that I shall be intensely grateful if either man, spirit, or even an unmistakable devil will warn me, — as thoroughly and alarmingly as it sees fit, — if a fifth fire is menacing my horizon. And in turn, he reproaches me for raising a barrier of mocking incredulity against those who are trying to reach what he calls my "eternal, omniscient self."

As an example of my "pitiable shortsightedness," my friend cites a thing which happened on the morning after the worst and most disheartening of our cycle of fires. This particular one had burned furiously, consuming in two short hours the greater part of a new house and leaving the rest a charred and most depressing wreck. After a sleepless night, I was trying to distract my mind by packing a number of books which now, poor things, had no home to go to! I picked up Gautier's *Captain Fracasse* and idly opened it. The leaves had never been cut and, not being a book-collector, I felt a moment of mortification. Comparatively few of the pages had been left free by the binder, so how very easily might the special one have been hidden which suddenly flashed these words before me: "The fires started on the night of May

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23–24." (The French have a precise way of thus designating exactly *the* night, — one is not permitted his choice of two evenings). My heart gave a slight jump of surprise, for I knew we were then in the third week of May, although I had lost track of the date. I sent at once for that morning's paper which, before, I had been in no spirit to read. As I took it, I saw "Thursday, May 24" and, farther down the sheet a detailed account of the burning of the house.

Now, do I believe that Gautier was inspired to write these words for me, or mine, in order that the spirit of some ancestor might place the book in my hand? I hope I am not so preposterously egotistic; and yet, suppose I had come upon this sentence *the day before*, — what then? The spiritist has deftly extracted from me an admission that several times during the preceding week, I had felt an impulse to pack the books and had been kept from yielding to it, each time, by sheer laziness. He pictures an invisible informant sighing ethereally over my obtuseness while making efforts to "come through" in time to warn me. He declares that even if the efforts had succeeded, I probably would not have had the supersense to do anything but spinelessly let the fire occur. "But *then!* — he finishes triumphantly, "you would have recollected your unmistakable warning and been an ardent convert to spiritualism for the rest of your life!"

The philosopher once took me to a performance of a college play and pointed out on the stage six antique chairs which when scrutinized through opera glasses appeared to match exactly six other chairs of my own, inherited from a grandfather. Afterwards, he located the dealer from whom the students had rented the stage furniture, and bought them for me; "As a reminder," he said, "that only a fortnight ago, you were deploring the fact that your ancestor had sent these six to auction and that they had disappeared, — where, no one knew! And now," he concluded exultingly, "who led me, and *who* led you, through me, straight to those chairs?"

"Bless my soul, I don't know," I answered. "Who did?"

"Bless the *soul* who did," he reproached me; "not your own fleshbound one." And not another word would he say! He neither shares nor understands my disinclination to believe in this freakish interference in our mundane affairs. And he pays scant

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respect to my contention that the great natural course of world events, its accidents, tragedies and joys, cannot be halted or readjusted for the protection or gratification of one or another pygmy human being.

The philosopher argues in his happiest vein when he adduces the coincidences of more elusory nature, which draw us on to thoughts — dreams — so full of allurement as to hold us under a spell. Perhaps they do make the most lingering impression on our consciousness. But one hesitates to offer them for the consideration of sceptics. Sceptics rarely appreciate the shades of spiritualistic nuances! Therefore I expect little or no belief in the one I am about to present. In fact, if it were not for its effect on the philosopher, an effect which he says is "vivid — revivifying — rhapsodical," I should not have the hardihood to produce it at all.

I had been reading a book called *A Traveller in Little Things*, in which its author involves a quotation from a poem of Byron's in a singularly delightful way. The words are: "Know, whatever thou hast been, 'tis something better not to be." Naturally, I felt a desire to read the rest of the poem, — any one from a philologist to a school-boy *would!* I hunted out my Byron with a feeling of despair, however, as I knew it contained almost a thousand pages of verse, of which only a hundred or so were well-known to me. I looked in the first-line index but my quarry was not there. I then resolved to attempt a short cut to knowledge and searched through a collection of quotations; but it was not among them either. I turned again to Byron, and rather hopelessly ran a finger down the unending list of titles, with a vague notion of coming on a name suggesting the disillusionment of the lines. None intrigued me in the least until I chanced on *Euthanasia*. This ineffable word had come to typify for me Rupert Brooke's idea of death, and I instantly felt a quiver of distaste for Byron's probable interpretation of it. I thought of Brooke's proud boast, "We have taught the world to die," and then I mused sadly on his own death which, I like to think, was euthanasia personified.

Meanwhile, the conviction that my quest was near its end was strong within me. As I turned to the designated page, a cloud of true Byronic depression settled blackly over me. Reluctantly, almost resentfully, I commenced to read the verses. Although I have no word but my own for the truth of this episode, it is

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nevertheless the one of my experiences which most fascinates the philosopher. He makes me repeat it until I grow weary of it.

Euthanasia had always been a word to "lift my foolish heart" and send it "winging down the skies"; moreover, I confess to an eager enthusiasm for Rupert Brooke's work, his ideas, his life, his death; for everything concerning him! With a rush, this familiar feeling of uplift came suddenly upon me, despite the fact that Byron's poem grew more bitterly sophisticated with every word. Then I began to see, gradually emerging on the page before me, words and fragmentary lines, — soon, whole lines, — and all of these were Rupert Brooke's! Sometimes, they appeared as if printed on top of Byron's; again, they blotted his completely out. First of all, I saw "the immortal moment" and "dared high secrets." Then, flashed as on a movie screen, "A man caught by some great hour." After a pause, as I sank again under the pall of Byron's heart-breaking gloom, came "We have slept too long who can hardly win the one white flame." At that, I struggled up like a gasping swimmer, — to see shining plain, "Clear-visioned though it break you," followed by "We shall go down with unreluctant tread rose-crowned into the darkness." And this pæan gave me my meed of courage to face Byron's concluding lines, which seemed to burst out as if to strike me! — "Know, whatever thou hast been, 'tis something better not to be." There they were, at the poem's very end, justifying my fixed premonition of their coming!

Somewhat feebly, I remind the philosopher that, after all, Byron's choice of *Euthanasia* as a title for his poem was in keeping with his nature; that by all rights of reason I should have expected the combination. Also that my subjective mind must have reproduced familiar scraps and lines of Brooke's verse, in the form of an optical delusion — a vision! I even go so far as to confess my childish resentment with Byron for stealing a word that was to belong to Rupert Brooke. The philosopher shrugs his shoulders and will not listen. His own explanation is amazing. Were he not evidently sane, one might quaver for dread of him. But he is at all times so calmly rational in manner, and yet so quaintly diverting, that his conversation is to his friends as an oasis in a desert of monotony. So that inevitably I must listen without scoffing, when he quietly asserts that my love for Ru-

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pert Brooke's verse is great enough to have drawn his spirit near to me. "Where else," he asks, "*would* a poet's wraith be but in the vicinity of one whose thoughts and affection are concentrated upon him?" When I suggest slyly that Byron's ghost might have had as much reason to haunt me blightingly, he rejoins, "Very probably, — and quite likely he did! But as you felt no lasting distress, his misconception of death must have gone from him, since he is now become what Rupert Brooke calls 'A pulse in the eternal mind.'"

The philosopher further alleges that this was a supreme attempt to establish esoteric communication with my earthbound spirit. I hardly know myself as he portrays me. Though I cannot possibly be as spiritual as he would have me, yet neither am I as woefully benighted as he reproaches me for being. While he roundly assails my limitations, he envies me "unutterably, for these sacred, and wasted, privileges." He would have me humbly on my knees, thanking a heaven that has suffered me to commune with the souls of supermen.

And now I find myself in the plight of the puzzled daughter, who, availing herself of her mother's paradoxical bidding, essays to go in to swim without going near the water. I confess that I have gone so far as to hang my vision on the legendary hickory limb, for all who will to see, — or to see through! The philosopher vows that I am teetering on the brink and would best take the plunge. I am uneasily aware that he wouldn't hesitate a moment, if by doing so he could establish his theories, to push me in, — were it into the dark waters of the river Styx itself.

If he ever sees what I have written here, he is enough the zealot to proclaim that all this was planned above; that I am merely a psychometric instrument used to accomplish — what? To counteract, in some measure, the baneful part of Byron's influence on mankind? Or to further Rupert Brooke's splendor in his own generation? I cannot say.

My friend would be positive that I am driven by an "Impulse from the Eternal." Whereas, I explain my impetus as simply the spontaneous effort of my own centrifugal force to reduce such intellectual power as I possess, into a form by which it may be perpetuated, — an instinct natural to writers. Thus, in spite of my threatened plunge, I remain, nolens volens, on terra firma.

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THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH AND AFTER

L. ADAMS BECK

AN article entitled "The Renewal of Youth by Surgery" in the May number of THE FORUM *presented a striking account of operations performed by Dr. Serge Voronoff. Here is the vigorous reaction of one reader who exhorts us to seek the prolongation of vitality from sources more reliable than chimpanzees. The amenities of civilization have outrun our bodily endurance, he warns. To offset the ills of the day we must cultivate a new stoicism, comparable with that of the Greeks,—but more joyous.*

IT is impossible not to realize the interest of the article on the Renewal of Youth in the May FORUM. The possibilities held out by Dr. Voronoff are so dazzling, the road of attainment so simple, that it may well appear necessary that the world should hoard its race of chimpanzees as something more to be desired than much fine gold. No wonder that Dr. Voronoff's rooms exult in "old masters, wonderful rugs, and exquisite furniture." No wonder that the aged voluptuaries of the world see the day-star of hope dawning in midnight skies. What a world might this be, could the period of its pleasures be doubled, if not prolonged indefinitely! The banished value of riches might be restored a hundredfold if the power to enjoy were one with the power to buy. The saddest of proverbs, "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*," might be resolved into the perfect union of experience and power in all the physical pleasures.

But — there is always a but in our dealing with Nature, the dreaming Sphinx. We surprise a secret and immediately foresee the day when we shall drag her in chains in our Roman Triumph. But Cleopatra escaped Octavius, and our experiments in disturbing the balance of nature have not yet resulted in victory. It may well be that man, the autocrat, may in this hoped-for renewal of youth, could it be successful, disturb an adjustment on which his very existence depends. But let us suppose that success is attained, and that by the *greffes testiculaires* youth and virility may be renewed, — what then?

In the first place the glands of the chimpanzee are no more immortal than our own. The operation will need repetition, in a world of dwindling supply. The competition for that well-spring of virility will become passionate. The animal will be the prize of the super-plutocrat, and the survival of the fittest will resolve

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itself into the survival of the richest. "The poor ye have always with you?" No, but the rich, — the richest. Should the supply of chimpanzees fail, as they almost certainly will, for their breeding in captivity is doubtful and costly, and their areas diminish daily, the supply for the *greffes testiculaires* must be drawn from impoverished humanity, and one may imagine a time when the duty of procreation may devolve solely on those who are rich enough to purchase the privilege after a certain age. What have the Eugenists to say to this prospect?

Another point of view. These glands are known, as Voronoff admits, to be concerned with other matters as well as with procreation. "They put force and energy into the mind," he says. True. But that admission cuts both ways. He speaks of the eunuchs of the Khedive of Egypt and their physical deterioration. It is, however, a matter of history that these people have not been lacking in mental force and energy, though of a type incredibly malignant and base. To take but one instance of comparatively modern times, the eunuchs of the Chinese Court were the ruin of the Ming and Manchu Dynasties, as I have endeavored to depict in my new book, *The Treasure of Ho*. Ruin, indeed has been the fate of the courts which have used these miserable creatures. In other words, some subtle deflection, not only of virility but of all that makes manhood desirable, is seen in them. Endless force and perseverance, unwearying subtlety and cunning, horrible perversions, are the mark of violated nature. We meet this fact in Oriental and mediaeval history again and again. Character therefore is profoundly influenced by these glands. They convey a mysterious something which moulds the man in all the essentials of manhood for good or ill.

The operation of Voronoff will, according to his statements, convey character. It will restore force and energy, but what force? That of the ape? A pretty possibility, truly! If with physical energy are grafted also lust and cunning, released from human self-control, the worst nightmares of modern literature may be realized and a race produced, semi-immortal and lower in instinct and passion than the Neanderthal man, who had at all events climbed above the common progenitor of ape and man. Man has struggled up through many and terrible obstacles. We may yet witness a self-chosen descent.

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It may be asserted that those who have already submitted themselves remain estimable citizens. Who can tell? Does a man advertize his struggles and defeats? And who can prophesy the ultimate results? These experiments are but four or five years old. So short a time may it take to begin the evolutionary descent, for who shall say where they may lead? Let us, at all events, hope it may not be to fertility and the ghastly prospect of human birth from simian fluids and ovaries. Decadent Rome itself never envisaged such a horror.

Yet the chimpanzee, our poor relation, is of deep interest to us in this question of youth and health. To quote Voronoff, "Their embryology, their dentition, the analogy of the skeleton, the skull and the internal organs, furnish abundant proof of the biological parentage of man and monkey. The blood of the chimpanzee differs less from that of man than it does from the other species of monkeys."

True. Then it is worth considering why man has fallen a victim to many of the diseases which his cousin has escaped, why our teeth rot and premature senility seizes so many; why we must have recourse to simian remedies for our ills. The answer is that we are staggering under the burden of a civilization to which our physical powers are inadequate. We have not safeguarded the way by which we climbed, and only by recognizing the claim of our physical nature while acknowledging the intellectual gains of man, is it possible for us to escape the doom that has overtaken so many and fit ourselves to carry the complexities imposed by the intellect of the pioneers upon the inadequate masses.

Before our civilization, like Saturn, devours its own children, we should consider the way we live now. The mental instability, neurasthenia, and moral collapse which are the more pronounced symptoms of general unrest, are complacently set down to war-strain, the loss of religious faith, the superior sensitiveness of our social structure. I contend that every danger signal was hoisted long before the war, and that there is no reason why man should suffer from disease or premature senility if he will but follow the law which not only recreates him physically, but strengthens and confirms his higher attributes. I saw the rejoicing in certain great cities when the war was ended, and as I watched the ignoble

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crowd squirting scent into its myriad faces, deafening its myriad ears with stupid and brutal noises, swaying hither and thither, dancing its hideous Carmagnole, I beheld a democracy incapable of self government and therefore of any, and foresaw many of the evils which have followed the tragic peace. They could not stand the reaction. I will touch lightly on religion, merely saying that the downright theology of our ancestors had its cheerless aspects and that if we accepted them in the same full-bodied way we should probably all be maniacs in six months. They lived comfortably with the doctrine of flaming eternities and it never upset their digestions, not to mention their hearty enjoyment of life. A milder theology has had to be evolved to meet our tremulous apprehensions.

Nor can we endure grief. We face the burden no longer in solitude and memory. The play, the restaurant, drugs, bridge, — these are our anodynes. Compare the calm acceptance of death among the Greeks and Romans of the great days, or the Chinese and Japanese of the pre-European period. Do we feel our griefs more painfully than they? By no means. The heart is rather at a discount now even among the sex we adore. It is an organ far less frequently met in the best circles than the appendix.

And these amazing people of the past (with some of the present) required no organized amusement, no herding in crowds to seek it. They did not fear solitude nor tremble at their own company. They had resources in themselves sufficient to make life gay and peaceful, whereas amongst our peoples the one desire is to do anything rather than endure ourselves. And hence our hopeless, passionate pursuit of pleasure, its diseased sweetness, its lack of point and humor, our moral bankruptcy only to be paralleled by the dying days of Rome, when she paced through a perishing world in search of air unpoisoned by herself and could not find it. Petronius would have understood us, Juvenal could have done justice to the mob tyranny which a polite fiction calls Democracy, to the servility to forces in which no sane mind believes, and to the avid struggle for pleasure which can never replace happiness.

> "*What can we find worth doing*
> *When the worst we can do has been done?*"

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That is the riddle of the modern Sphinx. For when vice becomes more commonplace than virtue there is nothing so stale. Its fatal facility damns it, and it must simulate some of the difficulties of virtue to be one-tenth part as interesting. Indeed it is quite conceivable that if it became easier to be virtuous than vicious the whole moral balance of the universe might shift. How true it is that the innuendo is the fine flower of Christianity and is disappearing with it! Unless the Seven Deadly Sins are lit by the unattainable sunlight of heaven and set to the music of the Beatitudes they lose their point and are as flat as yesterday's *soufflé*. But we have bid goodbye to heaven and, turning to the chimpanzee as our saviour, hope to find in him remission of all our sins. Alas, it will not be.

Let us come to the point. We eat and drink things which set our nerves on edge, drug them into fever or stupor, and then wonder that they trouble us. The truth is that the amenities of our civilization have outrun our bodily endurance, and it is breaking down, especially in the nervous system which is the latest won and least stable of the prizes of evolution. Man has put far more energy of invention into his luxuries than into understanding of the body and brain which he compels to endure them. That body was shaped for endurance and struggle. It fought its way up through hardship. It was never made for the earthly Paradise of the restaurant and club, the padded ease of regularly supplied food to tempt a jaded appetite, and before the subtle assault of these, the higher reason is paralyzed, the brute reoccupies the house of the man, and the outraged brain avenges itself in the aberrations of the way we live now.

And let it be observed that the words and deeds of the Labor parties now climbing into power hold out no hope that their ideals are different. They would unseat the present rider and leap into his saddle. More food and richer, a car in every garage, clothing approximating more nearly to the vulgar extravagance of "the best circles," — in a word, pleasure in all its materialistic forms is the prize dangled before the eyes of all who in grasping power hope for its fruits, — the old, old fruits of wealth, women, luxury, which have driven the greatest races of the past to perdition. But where shall wisdom be found and where is the place of understanding? If I say one should begin with the body and bring

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it to heel with an austere temperance, I say only what all the great faiths have taught. They all knew that here was a gate to the eternal way, to looking upon the lower satisfactions of life as the stranglers of true joy. In short, they studied the Rule of the Game.

As a matter of fact that game has got to be played unless we are willing to be dropped out and see life go past us nationally as well as personally. It is not without meaning that the Western man is "work-shy" today. It is because he is over-fed, wrongly fed, over-drunk, over-stimulated in every mad way civilization can achieve. The Oriental with his simple habits is industrious after a fashion that the white man hates and dreads. And justly, from his point of view, for, if we thus continue, the saner and simpler races must enter into our heritage. Let the trades unions and brotherhoods pray as they never prayed yet that the Orient may be swept into the torrent of our luxuries which are our necessities, for if otherwise the writing is on the wall through the inevitable sequence of events. Nature tests us carelessly, and if we fail, discards us and looks elsewhere for her world-stuff. She sits above color prejudice.

The happiest, hardest-working, healthiest, best-looking fellow I know (and he is one of millions) lives like an ancient Greek on figs, raisins, a hunch of bread, fruit, and cheese. I withhold his name for he is not on the market, having already a wife beautiful as the Uranian Aphrodite and two children. The family entertained me hospitably in a hut looking out upon a wine-dark sea. They stood at the door as we parted, and I shall not easily forget that picture of triumphant human youth, health, and beauty. The young mother was by her man, supple and strong, deep-bosomed, serene, and lovely, — "Most like unto a young palm by the altar of Delos."

"Nausicaa!" I cried and snatched my camera. She held something better however than the ball of the Princess, for at her bosom supported on one powerful arm, hung the youngest baby drinking pure life from a breast that recalled Nature's own in its superb abundance. The little head shone like a star against the sun-browned skin and dull blue clothing. The elder child clung to her knees, regarding me with wild-bright eyes and one finger in his rosy mouth, the way of children all the world over. Except

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for a brief shirt of some faded crimson stuff the wind and sun had their will of his dimpled hardy body.

Words cannot describe the beauty of this creature of five, bathed in light. His mother had stuck a flower into the close curls behind his ear. His little golden body literally seemed to reflect the sunshine. I thought of the infant Dionysos, and the deification of the Child stood forth as an inevitable part of the world's worship. I thought of the pale poverty-smelling children of the slums, of the pale pampered children of the rich shut into the hells our civilization makes for them. Yet this child was poor as any of those who play in the festering gutters, richly dowered as any millionaire's infant heir with all the good things. Only the poverty and riches differed from ours.

I am not sure that the man was not the noblest of the group. I showed my record to a European authority in all things beautiful in art and he could not lay it down. "The type persists," he said, "but where is Praxiteles?"

Ah, where indeed? He may return if we can develop a race that is an inspiration, — a race not born of the mean streets, mean alike in wealth and poverty, of the coarse and brutal foods, the insensate folly, cruelty, and ignorance of the way we live now.

It is only the healthy and simple races which can ultimately inherit the earth. Can they grow in the environment we have made? We talk of the safeguards of religion, philosophy, science, and mental control, and I dispute none of them. But why give them so much to contend with, — why make their work all but impossible? Why not begin where Nature began, with the misused body, — our brother the ass, as St. Francis called it? Nor can I forget that Bishop Creighton, also a sensible man, remarked that "in dealing with ourselves after we have let the ape and tiger die, we have to deal with the donkey which is apt to be a much more enduring and intractable animal than the others." He referred, of course, to the intellectual ass, but I to the bodily, and I can vouch for it that the intellectual ape and tiger are much more easily dealt with when our brother the ass is not permitted to wax fat and kick.

Begin with austerity in food and physical habit and see what gates it opens, — what vistas lie beyond. It cannot be believed until it is tested. More than half of our troubles come from trying

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to adapt man to an environment rather than an environment to man, and surely this is an unnecessary effort, for the simpler and hardier life is (so long as it is removed from the fear of want), the greater its real satisfactions. The true asceticism, so far from being an appeal to sorrow, is a perpetual appeal to joy. It is to throw aside the useless burdens. It is to give elation and freedom to body and soul. Nor is there need to seek the solitudes to pursue it, though I cannot deny that the desire for reunion with nature almost inevitably follows.

Does the intellect suffer from this austerity? The philosophers and saints have not thought so through a long and illustrious genealogy, and I could give high proof of its gains if there were space for it here.

I reflect on the teaching of the wise of all nations, and recall none who has not taught that self-discipline is what makes man the master of joy, — the master of life in the only way in which he need care to rule it. Meng-tze, the wise man of China, said a rememberable thing in this connection: "That in which men differ from beasts is a thing very inconsiderable. The common herd lose it very soon. The wise are wise because they preserve it carefully."

A new stoicism is needed, comparable with the ancient stoicism but more joyous. Here is a statement of that creed of past days: "It recognizes that men who are the slaves of their habits are miserable and impotent, and insists that personal inclinations shall be subjected to conscience. It prescribes plainness of life, that the number of our needs shall be as few as possible, and in placing the happiness of life in intellectual and moral action it destroys the temptation to sensual gratification: steady disdain of all that is base, steady reverence of all that should be revered, inflexible integrity in word and deed." So ran the creed of the great Roman. But I would promise a warmer simplicity, and joy in addition, noble leisure, a new order of desires, clearness, brightness, well-being, such as follows the release from a dungeon, — and in addition a very much clearer appreciation of the forces which make for destruction, among which must be counted much of the muddy feverish literature of the day. A wave of the true romance would send us rejoicing on the quest.

Does all this seem too much to expect from the perfect coöpera-

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tion of the body? Those who have made the experiment and washed clean the glass through which we survey the world and estimate its values are well content. They always were. A strange prospect lies before those clearer eyes, — the Dance of Death which is the way we live now. It is an old story that the rivers of Damascus are preferable to the little Jordan at our own door. Yet before we reunite ourselves with the ape, some may think the trial of, not the way of the angels, but the common sanities of the body, worth while. Those, among whom I number myself, who embarked on it long ago and now see science falling into line behind us, have certainly no temptation either from the physical or mental points of view to renew our youth by the hideous chemistry which ransacks the world to tear from the lower animals their youth and health that we may renew our own wasted lives. After all,

An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,

brings us with more dignity and calm to the Inevitable than a dotage patched with the refuse of the laboratories.

With Carlyle, I marvel little at what men suffer, but much at what they lose.

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WHY THE FARMERS DAMN THE LEAGUE

BENJAMIN CLARKE MARSH

MOST farmers believe that increasing domestic consumption of farm products by an efficient marketing system is a much more effective method of getting farmers out of their hole than to enter a League of Nations, says the Managing Director of the Farmers' National Council. They believe in international coöperation but "not in having the bankers do the cooing and the farmers the operating," as one Texas farmer expresses it. Mr. Marsh's convictions are the result of a long speech-making tour.

WITHIN twenty-five years we shall probably have to import farm products, if we retain a sufficient area for forests, and assuming the present rate of increase of population. Just at present the number of improved acres in farms is ahead of the effective consuming power of the American people, with the existing distribution of wealth and existing land, credit, tariff, transportation, and marketing systems. Advocates of the League of Nations feel that that agency will solve the farmers' problems, — provided we enter the League, — by opening up Europe's markets to American farm products.

The election of 1920 was regarded by the Republican Party as an overwhelming endorsement of its policies at home and abroad. This I believe was an error. That election was an act of reprisal, — whether justified or not, is a different question, — against the Wilson Administration, and at least most of its works and ways. I base this statement and the further statements in this article concerning farmers' attitude to the League, on the convictions forced upon me through frequent speaking trips to the Pacific Coast, campaigning in fourteen States for about five months in 1922, from Michigan to the Pacific Coast, and speaking in several Southern States, in all to hundreds of thousands of farmers, with many of whom I talked personally.

Most farmers in these States are opposed to the League of Nations, for the following principal reasons, phrased by farmers with adjectives and expletives which I omit not entirely in the interest of brevity!

President Wilson advocated the League, also our entrance into the League, — the same Wilson who got elected on the plea "He kept us out of war" with the implied pledge that he would

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follow that policy, and who plunged us into war when Great Britain couldn't pay her loans to the house of Morgan.

The League is an attempted super-government of the world, and farmers haven't much use for the government of any great nation today, believing that every nation, except Russia with whose policies they do not agree, is controlled by the big financial interests which have so ruthlessly exploited farmers. Most of the great nations of the world except Germany, Russia, and the United States are members of the League of Nations, as well as nearly all the smaller ones, but the world hasn't been at peace since the League was organized and doesn't seem to be moving that way. On the contrary the militarists of every nation, including our own, are talking about the next war, and how to wipe out the people of entire cities with gas.

Farmers are completely suspicious of most of the big American investment bankers who favor our entry into the League of Nations, and they have little confidence in most of the Democratic windjammer Senators who have favored our entry into the League, — but they are devoted to, and trust the judgment of Senators like Norris, La Follette, Shipstead, and Magnus Johnson of Minnesota, who oppose our entry. Farmers believe in international coöperation "but not in having the bankers do the cooing and the farmers the operating" as I heard a shrewd Texas farmer, — a Democrat, and head of a big farm organization, — express it to a large and acquiescent audience of farmers in that state.

They favored the suggestion of the late David Lubin, our representative in the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, for an international agreement on ocean freight rates, blocked by the breaking out of the war. They believe in the international suppression of the white slave trade and of the opium trade, and in an international agreement among farmers to adjust the production of staple farm crops which enter into international commerce, to the effective and profitable demand therefor, and in international pooling of staple farm products, but don't see any need for signing up in a League of Nations to accomplish these desired ends.

Farmers regard the League of Nations as a collection agency for the big international bankers and a bunco shell game to

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enable the nations with which we were associated during the war to evade repaying the loans which our government made them. England's achievement in refunding most of her debt to us, for sixty years at a low rate of interest, and the more or less diplomatic way in which France has indicated her intention to repudiate her debt to us, have largely dissipated what little enthusiasm was left for our entry. Morgan's influence with the Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge Administrations, and his assumption of leadership in the Reparations Conference and the bankerfication of Germany, are powerful arguments to the average farmer against being unequally yoked up with the nations of the world.

Down South, sentiment is running against France very rapidly. It is opposed to a nation which treats blacks as equal to whites.

What do farmers think about Europe?

Real farmers, not the banker or landlord variety, think the people of Europe should throw their present governments overboard, as constitutionally as possible, force a capital levy tax, pay off their war debts, and then keep their bankers and other exploiters off the backs of the producers of wealth. Incidentally that's what the farmers propose to do in a hundred per cent constitutional way in this country during the next decade. Witness the annihilation of the Mellon Tax plan as a starter.

It is true that our largest customers of pork products at present are the United Kingdom, Germany, Cuba, Netherlands, Italy, France, and Canada, in the order named, and our chief buyers of wheat and its products also in order of importance are the United Kingdom, Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, and the Netherlands; that the United Kingdom and European countries are our largest consumers of cotton; and that we produce about two-thirds of the cotton that enters the world's commercial channels. The total value of all agricultural exports to Great Britain and Europe last year was $1,338,906,000 and will probably be less this year.

If the British and European peoples insist upon maintaining militarism and navalism to uphold their financial imperialists, and domestic industrialists, this is their concern, — though farmers sincerely hope they won't. In any event farmers don't

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propose to enter any alliance which upholds navalism and militarism as handmaidens of imperialism in Great Britain, Europe, or the United States.

If we consumed as much wheat per capita in the United States as we did in 1919, we would have practically no surplus wheat for export. If this year we should consume as much cotton per capita as in 1917, it would total 7,438,000 bales, and a per capita domestic consumption of only forty pounds, about one-fifth more than in 1917, would mean a total domestic consumption of 8,960,000 bales, or nearly ninety per cent of last year's domestic crop. Before the war nearly eighty-four per cent of the value of all our agricultural exports went to Europe, and in 1922, 76.56 per cent.

Most farmers believe that increasing domestic consumption of farm products by a better, that is, more efficient, marketing system is a much more effective method of getting farmers out of their hole than to enter a League of Nations as a means of doing this.

They will "dig in" if necessary, rather than succumb again to the war lure of three dollars for wheat, and forty cents for cotton, and they have seen war, not peace in the League of Nations. They hold that there can be no peace between nations till there is justice within nations, and sanction a League of Peoples to hasten justice at home and peace abroad, through the new internationalism of coöperation.

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MR. ABA GONEGAGA CALLS

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

THE letter of introduction was simple. It stated that the gentleman was visiting America for the first time and would I be good enough to assist him in his researches, as I would find that he had a most penetrating mind. Aside from the dark skin and the taffeta headgear there was no indication of his origin. His card read: —

Mr. Aba Gonegaga
A. O. U. T.

I puzzled over the mysterious initials under the name and could only surmise that he realized that he was calling in a hot month.

"I am particularly interested in making some researches into your American politics," he began in a soft voice, "and Mr. Takata kindly informed me that you have made a profound study and understand the subject."

"Mr. Takata is more than kind. It is true that I have made some studies, but understanding of American politics is not achieved through studies."

"You are a Republican, I believe?"

"I am a Progressive Republican."

Mr. Gonegaga looked perplexed.

"A Progressive Republican," I explained, "votes with the Republicans but seldom approves of what they do."

"Ah! then there are two kinds of Republicans?"

"Three kinds: Progressive Republicans, Reactionary Republicans, and Republicans."

"What do the Reactionary Republicans believe in?"

"They believe in holding office and in collecting campaign funds. The Republicans of the Third division are Republicans because they voted for McKinley in 1896 or because they live in Pennsylvania or Vermont."

"Ah yes," said Mr. Gonegaga with a gentle sigh that seemed to imply thorough understanding.

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"And all three kinds," he said, "will vote for Coolidge and Davis?"

"Coolidge and Davis!" I exclaimed. It was my turn to be perplexed, "They can't vote for both!"

"I thought that the Republican ticket was Coolidge and Davis."

"Coolidge and Dawes, — an entirely different man. Dawes is the Republican candidate for Vice President; Davis is the Democratic candidate for President. The one is spelled D A W, the other is spelled D A V."

"In some of your western languages the 'V' is pronounced like the 'W.'"

"The two letters had a common derivative."

"But the men are both bankers are they not?" Mr. Gonegaga was acting as if I were deceiving him.

"No, Mr. Dawes is a banker, and Mr. Davis as a lawyer has bankers as his clients."

"Ah yes, I understand, a common derivative as you say."

I began to feel that my Oriental friend had indeed a penetrating mind.

"Answering your question as to the voting, all the Reactionary Republicans will vote for Coolidge and Dawes; so will most of the Republicans; while many of the Progressive Republicans are undecided as to whether they will vote for Coolidge, Davis, or La Follette."

"But La Follette is of the Radical party as I understand it."

"No, he is a Republican."

"But he is the candidate of the Radical party for President."

"Yes, the Republican party is very broad. It has furnished the Republicans with a candidate for President, it provided the candidate for the Radical party and it could have furnished the Democrats with a candidate or two and never have missed them."

Mr. Aba Gonegaga's eyes opened wide in admiration. "Wonderful — a great party! Mr. Coolidge and Mr. La Follette, the two Republicans, will then work to defeat Mr. Davis, the Democratic candidate."

"O! no! Mr. La Follette will hope to defeat the other Republican, Mr. Coolidge."

"But why is he a Republican if he is so unkind?"

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"He is a Republican only because it is necessary for him to be one to hold his position as a Senator."

"Ah! then he is a Reactionary Republican."

"No, he is a Progressive Republican."

"But you said that the Reactionary Republican is the office holding class."

"That is in the East. In the West they hold the offices but they do not approve of the party."

"Ah yes, then they are both Reactionary and Progressive."

"Not at the same time or in the same way that they are in the East."

"I see." Mr. Gonegaga drew a line across the sheet of paper on which he was making notes, indicating that he was apparently satisfied with this division of his inquiries. "And now," he said with a most engaging smile, "you will be so good as to explain the Democratic party?"

"I decline. There is no explanation for the Democratic party."

"It is what you call an enigma?"

"It is worse than that. After the Republicans held their convention, the Democratic nominee was apparently a sure winner. After the Democrats had unanimously selected their candidate the Republicans were still beaten, but the Democrats were all against their own candidate."

"Then the Eastern-Progressive, Western-Reactionary, Radical Republican, La Follette, will win!" exclaimed Mr. Gonegaga with the enthusiasm of the man who had solved a difficult problem.

"No," I answered, "he won't win, because the moment he wins his occupation is gone. His chief objective is to produce a situation wherein there will be no election."

"Then the vacancy in the White House will be continued," and Mr. Gonegaga knitted his brows as if in sage understanding.

"Exactly. With this possible exception; if the election of the President, via the Vice President, goes to the Senate, that august body may decide to make no selection but to move into the White House and run the government from both ends."

"Ah, that has happened before," said Mr. Gonegaga brightly. "We find that frequently, in history, when the king-makers are stronger than *Roi Fainéant*. It happened with the Merovingian line, for instance."

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"Mr. Gonegaga," I said, somewhat sadly I fear, "it has been happening in America for the past three and a half years."

My visitor looked sympathetically pained. He folded up his notes.

"Is there a book somewhere on American politics that will explain all this?"

"There are many books on American politics but none of them explain anything. There is one place, however, where you may get light. There is a man in New York who appears every night at a theatre, — I do not know the name of the theatre, I have never seen him, — he possibly can help you in your search for truth. His name is Will Rogers."

"He is a Professor of Philosophy?" exclaimed my visitor hopefully.

"No, he is a lariat thrower."

EBENEZER

WITTER BYNNER

You left him your money, because he said,
"Dear Ebenezer," before you were dead.

Friendship surely, between you two,
Had been natural and wise and true
And freely given, heart and head . . .
But now he buys his friends instead.
His clothes, his motor-car are new;
His things are many that once were few.

On country walks, he used to shed
His coat and shirt and bare his head;
But those were days when he walked with you
Who loved the sun. He loved it too,
Till, rich in larger ways, you said,
"Use my money, when I'm dead."

O Ebenezer, little you knew
How little good your death would do!

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ALL WRONG

RICHARD CONNELL

HE had four names, all good ones, dating back Heaven knows how many years, — Talbot Debenham Arbuthnot Marchbanks. His was an English county family with more than one crusader in it, and more than one poet. There was rather more poet than crusader in T. D. A. Marchbanks; he had a poet's hair-trigger imagination, a poet's quick suggestibility. He looked a bit like a poet, too. One could see sonnets in the cerulean blue of his eyes, lyrics in the curve of his lips; he had a nose made for madrigals, and dithyrambic ears. His cheeks had the pink of health, his step the spring of youth.

He stood on the sun-sprayed steps of the Custom House in New York in the fresh fall air and his eyes, just then, were not for Manhattan's tall buildings and beautiful women, phenomena discovered afresh by prominent visiting Englishmen, with a little judicious guidance from the ship news reporters. T. D. A. Marchbanks, as a matter of fact, was examining a handful of American coins, and endeavoring to identify a nickel that he might pay his fare for the first subway ride of his life.

No one had interviewed him when his boat docked an hour before, and he was glad of it. He was not prominent, and, oddly enough, had no wish to be. He was but twenty-two and his literary reputation did not extend beyond The Croft, Wicking Village, Upper Debenham, Hants, which was his home and from the bucolic seclusion of which he was now issuing for the first time in order, — this was his parents' idea, — that he might broaden himself by a visit to his uncle who had done rather well in Wall Street and maintained a large apartment on Riverside Drive near 116th Street.

His uncle, broadened by twenty-five years in America, had met him with brisk cordiality at the pier, had hustled him into a taxicab and had deposited him at the Custom House on the tip of Manhattan Island, and had left him there with a hasty, "Sorry, m'boy, but I must rush back to my office. Bears are hammering Mex. Pete, y'see. When you finish at the Custom House, jump into the subway, grab an express, ride half an hour, hop out at

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Columbia University — 116th Street and toddle west to Riverside Drive. You know my number. Your aunt will give you tea. I'll see you at dinner. G'bye."

Young Mr. Marchbanks, a neat, quietly clad figure, was nerving himself to jump, grab, ride, hop, and toddle, according to his uncle's directions. He would have preferred to take a taxicab, but one look at the fearsome pirates who drove the cabs made him abandon that idea; his was not a robust soul. It was indeed a sensitive soul, so sensitive that it seemed nude. Some babies are born sneering; they become critics; others are born shrinking; they become aesthetes or underpaid clerks; T. D. A. Marchbanks had been a shrinking baby. Compared to him the lamented Alice Ben Bolt, who wept with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at a frown, had the assurance of a book agent. He was almost morbidly introspective. He was forever peering into his soul, applying his eyes to the microscope and studying himself as if he were an amoeba. He had small occasion to shudder at what he saw inside him; he was a good young man.

He was wondering what impression he was making on the throng of New Yorkers scurrying past like hungry rats toward a new-spied cheese, as he left the steps and made his way to the subway entrance to which he had been directed by the thumb-jerk and growl of a policeman.

"He thinks me a fool," thought young Mr. Marchbanks.

A subway guard rebuked him acridly for trying to enter the wrong gate.

"Am I a fool?" wondered T. D. A. Marchbanks, as, a trifle intimidated, he settled into a seat for his thirty minute ride. The sudden spasmodic plunge of the train into the black gullet of the tunnel made him think of a sick elephant bolting a biggish pill. Across the aisle from him was a stone wall of New York faces; their eyes were blobs of ice set in concrete. To stare at them would be rude, he knew, so he raised his eyes to the advertising cards that ran round the car like a multicolored moulding.

The very first card young Mr. Marchbanks saw consisted of a hand with a forefinger pointing straight at him. Under the hand, in letters of pulsing scarlet, were the words,

DID YOU LOOK AT YOUR GARTERS THIS MORNING?

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"My word!" exclaimed Marchbanks, nervously, "I didn't."

Obviously it was too late to look, now. In smaller but no less intense letters the card cried.

Be Sure You Are Wearing
GOFF'S GRAB-TITES
GENTLEMEN WEAR NOTHING ELSE!

"Oh, I say," murmured Marchbanks. "That is a bit steep, you know. Trousers, surely ——"

A thought began to harass him. Without an examination, which under the circumstances would be out of the question, he could not be sure of his own garters. A grave doubt began to pick at his brain. Suppose his were not Goff's Grab-Tites? Suppose they were what a pitiless memory kept telling him they were: distinctly dilapidated garters of no particular ancestry? At that very second they might traitorously break and expose to those icy eyes across the aisle the dubiousness of his gentility. He shuddered.

He moved his eyes on to the next card and saw on its blackness a flaming orange question mark. Eye-compelling orange type flung at him the interrogation,

DO YOU REALIZE
That If You Are Not Wearing a
SNUG-HUG CAMEL'S HAIR UNION SUIT
You Are Probably Catching Your Death of Pneumonia?

Involuntarily, Marchbanks shivered. Till that moment he had not felt cold; the air in the car had, in fact, struck him as stuffy. Now he perceived that his warmth must have been the fever that precedes a violent illness, for it was impossible for him to deny that his innermost garments were not Snug-Hugs; so far as he knew they were anonymous. With anxious eyes he reread the sign. His teeth began to chatter. The train rushed on.

More than a little worried, he turned his attention to the next card. The heads of ten people were shown there in a row. Two of them were smiling in a way that displayed astonishingly dazzling teeth. The other eight were frowning, their mouths tight shut. In bold letters the card asseverated,

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Eight Out of Every Ten People
WILL LOSE THEIR TEETH
Because
They Have Not Used
Piggot's Pulverized Pazooka

The alarmed hand of T. D. A. Marchbanks went swiftly to his own mouth. To his surprise and relief he found his teeth still there. His pleasure at this was totally erased however by the thought, "They won't be there long. The odds are all against me. I never was lucky, anyhow. Oh, why didn't I hear of Pazooka before? Why didn't my parents tell me?"

He bent over, opened his mouth, shook his head, and then scanned the floor. While none of his teeth fell out then and there, he distinctly felt them rattle. It was but a question of time, now.

The train was roaring onward. He sought to still his fears by gazing at another card. It was a plain white card with a border of small, ferocious, insect-like objects, with large eyes and many legs. It drew his eyes as if it were a cobra and he a chickadee. The card read,

A MILLION BACILLI JUMP ON YOU
EVERY DAY!
The ONE *Soap That Will Kill Them*
is
Horowitz's Carbolic-Lilac
"Your Pores' Playmate"

A faint cry of distress escaped from the paling lips of T. D. A. Marchbanks. His pores had never known such a playmate. The words danced on his brain like witches about a hell-broth. He tried to think of something else besides bacilli, pneumonia, and vanishing teeth. He'd think of garters. Why did he think of garters? He knew. It was the voice of conscience. He had neglected to look at his that day.

When the train reached 96th street, the nerves of T. D. A. Marchbanks were taut and tremulous, like piano wires. One segment in the human stone wall across the aisle left the car, and Marchbanks tottered over to the vacant seat. He must get away from those soul-devastating cards.

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He raised his eyes to the new row of cards. The first one showed a ragged old man with famished eyes, and it bore the inscription,

Will **YOU,** *Too, Be a* **BEGGAR** *at 65?*
Most Men Are. The Men Who Aren't Are The Men
Who Saved Their Money And Put It Into
GULICK'S *Gold-Rimmed, Double Debenture Bonds*

Marchbanks, who had aged twenty years in as many minutes, laughed hollowly. Poverty at sixty-five had no terrors for him, now. A man with vulgar garters, pneumonia underwear, no teeth, and bacilli beyond the possibilities of computation, need not concern himself with what he'd be at sixty-five. Marchbanks was perspiring and cold at the same time, like a pitcher of ice water in August. The train thundered along its appointed path.

Another card jerked Marchbank's eyes to it. This card bore a photograph of a young man who reminded Marchbanks of himself. This young man's countenance was pitiful to behold, so lined it was by care, so creased by chagrin, so twisted by humiliation. In large, readable script the hag-ridden young man on the card made public his shame:

"*I was many times a best man, but never a bridegroom.*"

"Poor chap," said Marchbanks, and read on.

"*Why was I shunned?*" continued the distressed youth on the card. "*My best friends would not tell me.* **YOURS WON'T EITHER!** *Ask them,* **IF YOU DARE!**"

If it is possible for absolute paleness to grow more pale, the face of T. D. A. Marchbanks did so. The card concluded,

"*Solve Your Oral Problem With*
Jipp's Violet-Scented Vitriol Drops"

"Good Lord," groaned Marchbanks. "I, too, have never been a bridegroom. I've never even known I had an oral problem."

With the fatal lucidity of memory that introspective persons have, he reviewed rapidly his brief life. A crowd of suspicious cases pressed in upon him. He glanced around, guiltily. He thought he saw the other passengers recoil from him; he thought he saw them blench. At the 110th Street station the man next to Marchbanks got up and left the train hurriedly. To the fevered

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

mind of Marchbanks the man's action bore but one crushing interpretation. He felt hot all over, then cold, then hot, then cold, in flashes. Was it the pneumonia or the bacilli? What did it matter?

His eyes darted round the car like the eyes of a trapped faun, and ran full tilt into a sign adorned by a pair of bare feet, with the soles upward, and poised above them a thick, menacing cudgel. Vermillion letters screamed at him,

DON'T BASTINADO YOURSELF TO DEATH!
Think Of Your Poor Spine!
It Has To Stand 5000 Jarring Wallops Each Day.
Wear Peg Woffington Rubberized Heels or
You Will WEAR OUT YOUR SPINE!

Marchbanks trembled like a wasp's wings. One look at his own feet confirmed his worst fears; his heels were not Peg Woffingtons; they were not rubber at all, but hard, hard leather, studded with harder nails. He'd always worn that kind. No wonder he was weak; he'd been bastinadoed for twenty years. By now his spine could not be much more than a frayed thread, ready to snap any minute beneath his load of bacilli.

"I'm all wrong," moaned young Mr. Marchbanks. "All wrong."

A guard bawled "Columbia University — 116th Street."

By sheer will power, Marchbanks got to his feet; his eyes were wild, glassy; his knees were like mayonnaise; his legs no stronger than lettuce leaves; he managed to stagger out to the station platform.

There is a large pink and purple sign there warning the public that if it doesn't eat Meagrim's Smashed Oaties Every Day it must take the consequences. It was in front of this sign that Talbot Debenham Arbuthnot Marchbanks collapsed like a snapped reed; it was there his body was found.

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The Sleeping Beauty

JOHN ERSKINE

Drawing by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

"So that's the way you woke her, with a kiss?"
Said Paulus to the Prince. "And the whole house
Likewise no doubt woke up? And did you then
Restore her to her parents? Discreet, I'd say,
Public-spirited, as it were, and yet —

"I, too, once wakened beauty with a kiss;
Long ago in my youth I loved her so,
That faun-like girl, the smooth and ivory,
With eyelids drooping — but no heart at all,
Or none for me. I found her in her room,
Unclothed for summer coolness, fallen asleep,
One ankle drawn beneath the other knee,
Her black hair sideways on a straight white arm;
What I had begged in vain for, then I had."

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The Prince, gravely polite, "Ah, did you so?
Yet, by your leave, I wonder if you did!
Your story is the fairy-tale, and mine,
I much suspect, is life. For long ago,
In that same youth you speak of, newly wed
To beauty rescued from her own cold charm,
Love brought me where asleep again she lay,
And with a mind to wake her, and the faith
That gladlier in my arms would she be waked
Than take untouched her journey among dreams,
Yet when I saw her sleeping, saw the flame
Gone out, the spirit flat, the blood retired,
I had a glimpse how beauty might descend,
Even upon that bloom a weariness,
Even in that heart a fear to let youth go,
A wistful hope still for a while to charm.
Love, like a final modesty, forbade
Such prying into the uncovered soul.
But when I saw her coming from her rest
In splendor undiminished, and her eyes
Challenging mine, 'Was it a ghost,' I asked,
'That then I saw? Is it a phantom now?'

"And once again I came upon her so,
And in an hour when beauty mastered me;
But childhood now was in the sleeping face,
The look she must have worn before the day
Took the first dew. Passion on lips so clear,
Passion the purest, would have left a stain.
It was my gaze, perhaps, so long I watched,
That broke her dream; first like a child she raised
Delaying eyelids, then she saw me there,
Sprang up a woman, and in fear exclaimed,
'What are you thinking? What is it in your eyes?'"

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EVENING

MARY BORLAND

Evening, ascending out of dewy hollows,
Wading in lisping grasses to her knees,
Hushes the twitter of the wheeling swallows
And stills the bees,
Across the west the veil of sunset drawing,
Weaving the web of mist among the trees.

Now from the hill where daylight longest lingers
Turning each grass-blade to a thread of gold
She draws the glory with reluctant fingers,
And stars unfold,
And the far thrush in sunless woodland singing
Voices the tears my bosom cannot hold.

For like his song, from softening shadows rising
Between the times of nightingale and lark
Lovelier than sound of day's devising,
At evening—hark,
Love! in my heart the thought of you, enchanted,
Rings through the silence of the empty dark.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

REFORM

BESIDES Exacticus there is one man at the club who still seems willing to talk to me. *To* rather than *with*, — but how unlike Exacticus! This one develops beautiful theories, millennial visions, huge cloudy symbols of a high reform. If ever my back-yard gardening takes on Burbank pretensions, and I invent a new flower, I shall name it after him: *Nebulosa rosea grandiflora*.

Yet, though he speaks often of reforms, I should hardly call him a typical reformer. There is a tenacity, an irrepressibility, about your dyed-in-the-wool reformer. He can advocate one reform in 1896 and, when he is repudiated, can go blithely on for forty years advocating repudiated reforms. Such a person does not believe in ideas; he believes in himself. Now my friend Nebulosa believes in ideas, but collapses utterly at the suggestion that he put them into practice; is honest enough, even, to say naïvely, "I never thought of that," when someone meets him with a counter-thrust.

At first glance it would appear that reformers may be divided into two classes: those who think and those who do. Thus you have your Rousseau and your Thoreau; your John Ruskin and your Jacob Riis. It is a very satisfactory classification, this of the dreamers and the doers, because it will fit almost any consideration of anything under the sun; and on that account it is wholly *un*satisfactory. The point is, not whether my friend Nebulosa is a dreamer while Snodgrass is a doer, but rather why they are both called "reformers," — what, indeed, this business of reform is anyhow.

It is idle, I suppose, to worry about the origin of the word *reform*, even if a strayed European did innocently fancy that a reformer was a person who came from a reformatory. Words have shifty characters. There's *smell*, for example. One used to hear of the "odor of sanctity," but it would never have done to speak of the "smell of sanctity," — even if sanctity should in all fit-

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ness "smell to heaven." So it will not do to worry too much about the fact that reform has nothing to do, as it ought to have, with re-shaping old ways to new conditions. It appears to mean abolition, sometimes substitution. Our lexicographer gives this meaning as "rare," but it seems to be the usual sense of the word nowadays.

Here, at least, is a lead towards an honest classification. We may not expect reformers to do anything so literal as to re-shape good things that have fallen to decay, but we may reasonably ask them to give us a substitute better than the original. Alas, some of them, whether dreamers or doers, seem bent only on a difference, — occasionally, even, on a *deform* rather than a *reform*. It is quite necessary, in fact, to bear constantly in mind that reform has nothing whatever to do with reform; then we shall more readily understand and appraise the reformer — deformer, transformer, whatever you choose to call him; — in any event a militant figure, with these three striking characteristics: a conviction that because he wants to have his way he ought to have his way; a mysterious notion that he is a practical man; and he is no longer of "meagre face deform" (the humorous weeklies are sadly out of date in this matter), but of full-blooded, sanguine visage. So equipped, he is invincible. Charles Lamb's retort to the impudent fellow who roared at him, "I pride myself, sir, on being a matter-of-fact man," though just, is of no avail. "And I pride myself," said Lamb, "on being a matter-of-lie man." Lamb's world is in the discard; the reformer holds all the tricks.

It may seem a melancholy reflection, that the reformer has so little to do with real reform, but it is really an enheartening thought if we stick to it. For it not only gives us a basis for honest classification, but once we know him for what he is, we may find a vermicide for him too. A distinguished Scot, after a considerable residence in this country, has come to the conclusion that the chief characteristic of America is that half the people want to organize and that the other half want to be organized. Here, then, is the adequate classification. It takes two to make a reform; the reformee is just as much a party to the crime as the reformer. Stevenson wrote that "it is this itch of doing that undoes men"; but if he had been living in America today, it would have been necessary to add, "It is this itch of being done that undoes men."

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The wonder is, with all this itching, that the vast practice of reform hasn't been put on a legal basis, like any other profession. Why not a State examination, after an appropriate period at a reform school (new style), and a license which could be framed and placed conspicuously in the practitioner's shop? (I should like to draw up the curriculum for that school, and to apply for the office of Dean. Breaking stones for an hour would be a "pre-requisite" for breakfast, and above the pile of stones would be the solemn sign, "You can't get something for nothing.") Then the reformees would know who the licensed practitioners were, and any reformers who dared to practise without a license could be hustled into a reform school (old style).

For this business of reform, like automobiles and painless dentistry, has come to stay. It is fatuous to imagine that we can put the busy-bodies out of business by exterminating the reformees. All that we can hope is to do something towards reclaiming a good word, something towards re-shaping a broken world by insisting on a license (a high license, of course, for "high reforms") and by taking care ourselves to eschew the itch of being done.

Personally, I incline to favor my friend Nebulosa, the reformer who is not a "reformer," the man who has more faith in ideas than he has in himself. I should give him an honorary degree. And if ever there should come a day when we put our reformers in cages and breed a special race of reformees for their diet, we must remember to build a university for our Nebulosae, — our inglorious, if not wholly mute, Miltons and Wordsworths and Emersons. For sometimes they "dream true"; and when they do, reform is worthy of its name. A plague on your reforms that can be encompassed by legislation! But honor to the dreams which "set the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into chaos!"

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The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments — VIII

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

On returning to France with Giles Bradley after her first sojourn in England Alix de Mouveray has begun to sense the ambiguity that surrounds the life of her mother, the fascinating Madame Vervier. Her love for France, coupled with an intensely affectionate desire to shield her mother against her own weakness, has made Alix determine never to return to England, despite the insistence of her kind new friends. Giles, aware of his brother's secret relations with Madame Vervier in the months preceding his death at the front, is convinced that Alix's future happiness depends upon her being in an environment less equivocal than that of Madame Vervier and her friends, — one of whom is André de Valenbois, Owen's successor.

Alix, yielding to her mother's wish, returns to England where her attention is diverted into new channels by Lady Mary Hamble, whose son Jerry proposes marriage. Before committing herself Alix seeks the counsel of Giles. Suddenly Giles learns that Toppie, Owen's fiancée, has decided to enter a convent. Alix, seeing Giles' despair, resolves as a last resort to open Toppie's eyes to the betrayal of Owen. But this brings upon her a complete revelation of Madame Vervier's mode of life. Staggering under the blow Alix returns to Giles for comfort and reassurance. A crisis in the lives of four persons has been reached.

PART FOUR

Chapter I

TWO faces were with Giles that night as he turned, sleepless, on his pillow: Alix's face, and Toppie's face. Toppie was before him as he had seen her on the autumn evening in the birch woods when she had looked away from him with the wildness in her eyes and had said, "It's as if there might be anything. As if you might hide anything. She's changed you so much." She was before him as she said, "It's as if she might have changed Owen, — if he had ever come to know her as well as you do." It was he himself, in his stumbling confusion, who had that evening set the deadly surmise before her. She had not, he believed, since seeing it, drawn a breath at ease. She would have been ready for what Alix had come to tell her. She would have known, at the first word, that it was true.

Yet if Toppie's face brought the groan of helpless pity to his lips while he tossed and turned, an even deeper piercing came in the thought of Alix. She stood there, against the study door, facing him; facing the deed she had done; facing a truth worse than Toppie's. Again, with a suffocating compassion, he saw her blind, outstretched hands; he heard her gasping breath: "Giles, is it true?" His arms received her and he felt her sobs against his breast.

She became, while his comprehension yearned over her, part of himself. Something fiercely tender, something trembling and awe-struck dawned in his heart as he held her. To understand Toppie was to see her sink away from him. To understand Alix was to see her enter his very flesh and blood. It was for him that she had dared the almost inconceivable act; and as he thus saw her offered up in sacrifice for him, Giles knew, with all that had been destroyed, something beautiful had been given.

He found on waking next morning that, with all the sense of calamity that lay like a physical weight on his heart, the sense of beauty, of something gained, still

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shone round him. He needed light, for his path was dark with perplexity. Alix had left him yesterday to go to her room, and to bed. In the few words that passed between him and his mother on her return from London, the child's shattered state was sufficiently explained by Toppie's decision. Mrs. Bradley heard of it with consternation. "A nun, Giles! A convent!" she had gasped. Generations of candid protestantism spoke in the exclamation. Dim pictures from Fox's Book of Martyrs and The Pilgrim's Progress floated across her mind. And tears rose to her eyes as she saw an end, not only to all his hopes, but to every link that bound them to Toppie.

He had to face at breakfast the dismay of his sisters. "Poor Alix! She's bowled out. Says she doesn't want any breakfast; but I'm going to take her up a tray," said Rosemary. "No, not kidneys, Jack; if you're ill in bed you don't want kidneys. She looks rotten. She's awfully fond of Toppie, you see."

"I suppose there's no good whatever in my going over and seeing what I can say to Toppie," Ruth ventured to her brother when breakfast was over. "If she'd only let herself be psycho-analyzed by Miriam Stott it would be sure to help. Miriam is extraordinary, you know. She does it professionally. Toppie is just a case for her. Sexual repression coming out in religious mania; plain as day."

"My dear Ruth," said Giles, "I'm sure you mean well; but you are sometimes an arrant ass."

Giles, in his study, sat and wondered what he should do next. How could he go to Toppie? He had showed himself as understanding Madame Vervier; as exculpating her. Toppie might come to forgive Owen, caught in the siren's net; she would never, he believed, forgive him.

In the midst of these reflections he heard a motor drive up to the door and, going to look out, saw with astonishment Lady Mary Hamble descending from it. Lady Mary could only have come to see Alix and, after she had disappeared, he wondered what Alix would find to say to her. He had, while brooding on their disaster, almost forgotten Alix's love story, and it seemed now to have lost all its potency.

What was next to happen did not long delay, and the sight of his mother's face in the doorway warned him that it was something quite unforeseen.

"Oh, Giles dear! Will you come?" Rarely had he heard his mother's voice so shaken, and if her face had shown consternation last night it was almost horror that it showed this morning. "Oh Giles, it is about poor little Alix. Lady Mary has heard — terrible things about her mother."

So it had fallen. Better so, perhaps, thought Giles, as for a moment he stared at his mother in a receptive silence before following her to the drawing-room.

Lady Mary was there, floating, to Giles' sense, in an indefiniteness, made up of lovely hesitancy, veils, and a touch of tears, that was yet more definite than a steely armor. She came towards him at once with outstretched hands, saying, "Dear Giles, perhaps you can help us."

"For it can't be true, can it Giles?" Mrs. Bradley urged in her shaken voice. She was much more worn than Lady Mary, yet she looked so much younger, and Giles read on her face a resentment, all unconscious, against Lady Mary and her standards. "You know her, Giles, and can explain. She's unconventional, isn't she, and unworldly, and might do unusual things and be misjudged, — but Alix's mother can't be a bad woman."

So he found himself face to face once more with the bad woman.

"I had to come and see if you could tell me more. I'm so fond of darling little Alix." Lady Mary had beautifully placed herself in a corner of the sofa, her furs unfolded, her long veil cast back from the framing velvet of her little hat. She was not thinking about looking beautiful, — Giles did her justice, — but she was thinking, very intently, about doing what she had to do as beautifully as possible, and that intention seemed to dispose her hands across the sables of her muff, to cross her silken ankles and tilt to a most appealing angle the pearls that glimmered in her ears. "You see, — Jerry, — it's all foolishness," she found her way. "He's only a boy. He falls in love with some one different every six months. He fancies himself in love with Alix now, — and I don't wonder at it. She's the most enchanting young girl I've seen for years. But Marigold Hamble, my husband's

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niece, heard in Paris, just the other day, such deplorable things. Deplorable," Lady Mary's voice sank to the longest, saddest emphasis. "Marigold is a wretched gossip, and worse. She's a *mauvaise langue;* I would not trust her story. But she gave chapter and verse to such an extent that I had to come to you, since you know Madame Vervier."

"But gossip is always like that," Mrs. Bradley persisted, a spot of color on each cheek. "Some people see evil in everything. And Giles liked her. And everything Alix has told me of her is so lovely. And my son, Owen, who is dead, was devotedly attached to her. It is because he was so fond of her mother that Alix is with us now."

For a moment, after that, Lady Mary's soft, bright eyes, from between the veils and the pearls, remained fixed on Mrs. Bradley's candid countenance, and Giles knew that his mother had revealed more of the miserable truth to Lady Mary than she herself, he hoped, would ever know.

"You're quite right, Mummy darling. I do like her," so he felt impelled to sustain her, though he knew that such sustainment might only be for her immediate bewilderment. "I do like her," he repeated, turning his eyes on Lady Mary and bidding her make what use she liked of the information. And then he found the words he had used to Alix yesterday. "She's not bad. She's unfortunate and wrong. But, it's true; I found out while I was with her, that she is a woman who — " poor Giles paused, while Lady Mary and his mother gazed at him, "who," he finished, "has lovers."

After this, it was Mrs. Bradley who first spoke. "Has lovers, Giles?" He could almost have smiled, — but he was nearer weeping at his mother's voice. Steeped to the lips in the woes of the world as she was, lovers, — for any one in one's own walk of life, — was an idea almost as alien, and even more sinister, than nuns and convents. Poor little shop-girls and housemaids had lovers, though usually known less romantically as the fathers of illegitimate babies; she had spent much time and strength in dealing with such sad cases and in pleading on committees that the man was most at fault. But even with Ruth flourishing Freudian theories before her and the latest novels of the newest young writers lying on her tables, Mrs. Bradley thought of unhallowed relations between men and women as of dark, mysterious deviations from the obvious standards of civilization. And now she heard Giles say that Alix's mother had lovers.

"Has had them for years and years, dear Mrs. Bradley," Lady Mary sadly but firmly defined for her. "Ever since she left Alix's father, — with the Monsieur Vervier, who, Marigold heard, has never divorced her, and still lives. The last is André de Valenbois, and Marigold met his people. It was from them she heard the story. She is a very distinguished, very dignified demi-mondaine. Quite, quite notorious. She's as well known in Paris as the Musée de Cluny."

"Not quite so bad as that, is it?" said Giles. The loyalty to Madame Vervier that had so direfully betrayed him to Toppie rose up in grief and anger against these suave definitions. "Madame Vervier isn't mercenary. To be a demi-mondaine you must be mercenary. And I'm sure," he added, while his mother's eyes, aghast, and Lady Mary's eyes, imperturbably kind, dwelt on him, — and he knew that to the one he appeared suddenly as ominously mature, and to the other as attractively boyish, — "I'm sure that Alix is legitimate; if that's any comfort to us."

"And why are you sure?" Lady Mary asked.

"She confided in me," said Giles, and it was more difficult to face Lady Mary's kindness than his mother's dismay. "She was absolutely straight with me. It was when we talked about Alix that she told me everything. It was then I came to like her so much."

"But Giles," poor Mrs. Bradley now almost wept, "how can you say you like these dreadful people? You made friends with Monsieur de Valenbois, too. How can you like them?"

"But dear Mrs. Bradley," said Lady Mary with just the brush of a smile across her lips, "one *does* like them. Why not?"

"Dissolute people? People with no sense of conduct or duty? I've never met them. Giles has never, I am sure, met them before. I don't understand," said Mrs. Bradley, and her drawing-room

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seemed to be saying that it did not understand either.

"I've met them," said Lady Mary with sad equity. "I've cared very much for several women who were, alas, in that sense, dissolute. Only they were more fortunate than Madame Vervier; or more discreet. They've not been dissolute openly. So one hasn't had to lose them."

"And one's sons can marry their daughters," said Giles. His mind was occupied by no anger against Lady Mary; he liked her, much as he liked Madame Vervier. Lady Mary, too, was straight; she, too, was magnanimous; and, her eyes on his, she was liking him, even while, not yielding an inch, she answered, "Exactly. The difference couldn't be put more clearly."

And she went on, reminding him more and more of Madame Vervier. "Some things fit in, and some things don't. Women who have kept their place fit; women who have lost it, don't. It's very harsh; it's hypocritical, you will say, Giles; but it's the only way in which a civilized society can protect itself. It's impossible to judge each case on its own merits; so rules are made and the people who transgress them pay the penalty. One pretends about them as long as they allow one to go on pretending. And when it comes to the sons and daughters, — young people don't realize how horrid, how crippling, simple awkwardness can be. How awkward, for instance, to have a mother-in-law you couldn't possibly invite to the house; how awkward to have babies to whom you've given a demi-mondaine for a grandmother. It becomes too difficult. One wants to spare one's children such difficulty."

"And what does one want to spare Alix?" Giles asked. With all his liking, with all her grace, her frankness, her resolve not to hurt, he was feeling for Lady Mary the same repudiation he had felt for the ladies of the chalet, — the people who connived and had no right to reject.

Lady Mary thought for a moment before saying, "Alix can marry some one who doesn't mind."

"But any one good enough to marry Alix would have to mind," said Giles. "Wouldn't you be the first to say that where she belongs is with the people who do mind? What you really mean is that the daughter of the demi-mondaine must stay in the demi-monde. I wouldn't blame you if you weren't so fond of Alix for herself. Your objection to Alix is really that her mother is unfortunate. Isn't that so?"

Yes, Lady Mary reminded him, vividly now, of Madame Vervier. Her soft gaze was fixed upon him with something of the same surprise yet with all the security Madame Vervier's had shown. "Her mother is too unfortunate," she said. "That is exactly what it comes to."

Mrs. Bradley, shut out from her son's understanding and from Lady Mary's tolerance, looked from one to the other of them, a deepening flush on her girlish cheeks. "But it's worse, far worse than unfortunate," she said. "How could she have lived a life like that with a little daughter to care for?"

"I did say she was wrong, you know, Mummy," poor Giles rubbed his hand through his hair. "She knows how wrong I think her. I told her. But the point for us is to make up to Alix for her mother's wrongness, isn't it?"

"We must keep her here," said Mrs. Bradley.

Lady Mary was observing him. "You have been making up to Alix from the first, haven't you, Giles," she said, and though the kindness of her voice was unaltered, there was in it a touch of dryness. "You've been engaged from the first in rescuing her from the demi-monde. It must have been a wonderful scene, that between you and Madame Vervier, when you told her how wrong you thought her and promised her to do your best to place Alix in another world than hers."

Giles, his hand still clutched in his hair, now stared at Lady Mary, arrested. "It was you who sought Alix out, you know," he reminded her after a moment. "It wasn't I who asked for anything for her. You took your chances with Alix, just as we did."

"Dear Giles, — I don't blame you in the least for not telling me," Lady Mary assured him.

But Giles would have none of such assurances. "I didn't imagine you could. I hadn't told my own mother. If any one can blame me, it's she."

"But of course, darling," Mrs. Bradley, confused, murmured. "How could you have done differently?"

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"And did you think then," Lady Mary, all mildness, continued, "that it would never come out?"

"I knew it would have to come out if Alix ever got married," said Giles. "In your case, I knew that you and Madame Vervier were to meet. Alix had seen to that."

"Yes," Lady Mary meditated, her eyes on his. "Alix saw to it. Yes, you knew you could count on Alix. We can all count on Alix. Alix was perfect."

"I hope you recognize," said Giles, his heavy gaze on her, "that she would have been just as perfect if, not being French and not being a Catholic, she'd accepted Jerry."

It was then as if, in the heavy eyes of the young man sitting there, Lady Mary found herself arrested by an unfamiliar image of herself. She had come to do exquisitely what had to be done; and to do it so exquisitely that the element of forbearance in her attitude should be barely, if at all, perceptible. She was, perhaps, doing it exquisitely; but the mirror of dispassionate contemplation presented to her in Giles' gaze showed her, for perhaps the first time in her life, an unbecoming distortion of her features. She might have been seen as poised there, regretting that she had exposed herself to the revelation. Then, feeling no doubt that there was no evasion possible, she submitted to seeing that while she could retain the grace of candor she must lose the grace of disinterestedness, and answered, "She wouldn't have been nearly so perfect for my purposes."

Giles, at that, turned his eyes away.

"You see, the truth is, my dear Giles," said Lady Mary, and it was perhaps not the least part of her discomfort to know that he was uncomfortable for her, "dear little Alix needs some one better and braver to deal with her situation than I can afford to be. Some one quite, quite detached and devoted must fall in love with her; some one without a worldly mother to shackle his impulses. I'm sure he will turn up," Lady Mary's smile dwelt on him, but Giles did not meet it. "And as far as I'm concerned, my best security is Alix herself. I'm perfectly aware of it."

"What is your difficulty, then?" Giles inquired

"Why, Jerry of course. He won't leave it where Alix made it so possible to leave it. He is indignant with me and furious with Marigold. I'm afraid he is coming here to see her."

"Aren't you rather proud of him?" Giles inquired.

"No, my dear Giles, I am not proud of him!" Lady Mary now gave herself the relief of impatience. "He isn't like Alix. He doesn't see other people's point of view. He is thinking only of himself. It was just the same last year when he wanted to marry a little dancer."

"He's thinking of Alix as well as of himself. And you must own that he's improved in taste since last year," said Giles.

He looked at Lady Mary now, and her eyes searched his. "Does that mean that you're going to help Jerry?"

Giles reflected. "It means, I suppose, that I'm going to help Alix. If he's really good enough for Alix, of course I'll do my best for them."

He and Lady Mary gazed deeply at each other. She was clever. She was as clever as Madame Vervier. She saw that she had not concealed herself from him and that he had recognized her intimations: first, that he should marry Alix herself, and then, that if he did not marry her, he should at all events secure Jerry from the unpropitious match by removing her. Yet still he liked Lady Mary. "Why don't you stand by them?" he suddenly suggested.

At that, Lady Mary rose, mournful, but showing no reprobation. "I would stand by them, of course, if it had to be. But I must try to prevent its being. Jerry is my only child. I don't want Madame Vervier in my family."

"You could count on her, too, you know," said Giles. "She'd do anything to make it easy, for Alix's sake. You see, already she gives her up to us."

"Ah, but only because of what she hopes you can do for her!" Lady Mary exclaimed and it was now, again, with the note of impatience. "No; the only person I count upon is Alix herself. She will draw back when she feels we can't come forward. And Jerry, when he's given a little time, will come to feel that it's all too difficult. Little by little he will forget her."

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"And will you?" asked Giles.

Lady Mary, with sweetest, softest emphasis, had pressed Mrs. Bradley's hand in farewell and now moved beside him to the door. She was gracefully occupied in swathing and enfolding. "At my age one has learned to give up things," she said.

She made Giles think of a soft white hand, withdrawing itself, while avoiding all danger of a rent, from a glove that has proved a misfit.

Chapter II

When Giles got back to his study he found Alix there, looking out of the window. The sound of Lady Mary's motor had hardly died away. He saw that there was nothing that could be concealed from Alix.

"She had come to speak about my mother," said Alix.

"Yes. Marigold Hamble has just come back from Paris," he said.

Alix was sitting in her corner of the sofa, very pale, her eyes set in dark circles. She had parted from him the day before, broken, speechless, disfigured with weeping; but now she showed him only calm. Sorrow had not softened or disintegrated her. It had knitted her to a new hardness.

"So Mrs. Bradley knows now, too. Everybody knows about my mother."

"She doesn't conceal anything, Alix dear," said Giles, dreadfully troubled. "Everybody who meets her must come to know that her life is — unconventional."

"Does Mrs. Bradley know that I know?" Alix asked.

"Not yet. I told her just now that I'd rather not talk about it for a little while. She only loves you the more because of your — your difficulties. What we must talk about, you know, is Jerry. I'd really forgotten all about him."

"Yes, I had, too."

Giles, his hands in his pockets, gazed down on her. "He hasn't forgotten you."

"I hope he may soon learn to."

"But, Alix, Jerry is sticking to you," Giles protested. "Jerry is all right. I'm very pleased about him."

Alix sat there, leaning slightly against her cushion, her hands folded in her lap, and looked into the fire. "I need not think of Jerry now. I have only one person to think about, and that is my mother. I must go back to her at once. Tomorrow, Giles."

"But surely you're not going to chuck Jerry!" cried Giles.

For a moment Alix raised her eyes to his, and it was as if in their dim surprise he read a reproach; the reproach of a serious race who saw facts as they were. There was no humility or confusion in Alix. She would not say to him that it was she who was not good enough for Jerry; but certain facts were there and her glance told him that he did not help her by pretending that they were not.

"Dear Jerry," was what she said, and she then looked back at the fire. "I am sorry if he is to be made sad. But it will not be for long. He will get over it," said Alix, and her voice was almost the voice of Madame Vervier and of Lady Mary.

Giles now came and sank down on the other end of the sofa. He had not been pretending. He saw the facts quite as clearly as Alix could ask him to do; but what it really came to was that his race, he believed with all his heart, saw further and more important facts than the French did.

"You know," he said, "I don't believe you are looking at it in the right way. You're looking at it as your mother would, from the point of view of convention. Why impossible since you care for him?"

"Because it would not be happy," said Alix. "It would have been an unsuitable marriage before, when mine were the only objections; it is much less suitable now."

It was strange to feel, sitting there in the familiar room, with Alix beside him, that the grief that had brought them so near had also set them apart. A cold apprehension entered Giles' heart. If with her first step into maturity she was so removed, how much might not the future remove her? What claim, what charm could England have for Alix now? And as if she answered his thoughts she said, "Will you help me to go back to Maman tomorrow, Giles?"

"But, my dear Alix," cried Giles, rising and walking up and down the room, "Why go now? How would you explain your sudden return to her? Surely you're

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not going to deal her such a blow as to let her know what has happened?"

"I have thought of it all, Giles, and Jerry will be my explanation. She knows of Jerry's offer, and what is more natural than that I should return to her if his family object to me? I shall tell Maman nothing; but I hope she will soon feel that she has nothing more to hide from me."

Giles had turned at the end of the room. "You need never say anything, you mean?"

"Only that Marigold Hamble went to Paris, and that when she came back and had seen Lady Mary they objected; Maman will guess."

"Well, and after that? What is gained?"

"What is gained is that I shall have my right to be with her. While she had things to hide from me I could not help her. Now, if other things should fail her, she will know that I am there to be depended upon," said Alix, and with the words it was as if he saw her go forward and take the tragic unveiled figure by the hand.

He stood looking out the window, struggling with a sense of tears. "What shall we do without each other?" he said, helplessly, and his voice was a younger voice at that moment than Alix's. He was the lonely little boy begging not to be abandoned.

Behind him Alix was silent for a moment, then she said, very gently, "But even if I had not Maman to think of, Giles, we should not be together; you will be in Oxford."

"And my idea is that you should come to Oxford next year and study at Somerville. It would be everything to know that you were near by."

"But it is impossible, dear Giles."

He turned to her from the window. "Do you mean because of Toppie? My mother? Toppie will be leaving us. My mother's first thought was that we must keep you always."

"She wishes to keep me in order to keep me from Maman."

"She doesn't know your mother. I'll make her understand. She wants to keep you because she's so fond of you."

"But that's not enough, now, Giles. Any one who loves me now must take in Maman too. It is Maman I must think of. And my place is beside her. I must go tomorrow, and you must help me. Will you, Giles, for I have no money?"

He saw that he must yield, but he would have struggled against her longer had it not come to him that nothing would move further the cause he had at heart, Jerry's cause, and Alix's, than her withdrawal. Better, much better, were Lady Mary to see that Alix was removed; better for Jerry that he should find something to endure and wait for and win with difficulty.

And, more than all the rest, he was sustained by that sense of secure radiance that had come to him from Alix herself. Wherever she was, whatever befell her, Alix would be safe. He could not have given way, he could not have consented to see her go, if he had not felt sure of it.

"Of course I'll help you, dear," he said.

Chapter III

Alix's departure cast consternation through the Bradley household. An unfortunate love affair, the fact that Alix did not wish to marry Jerry Hamble, could not be made to bear the weight of such a sudden mystery.

"The truth is, if you ask me," said Ruth, "that she wants to go back to France. She's never really cared about being here at all." But against this Jack and Francis protested hotly, asserting that Alix liked nothing better than playing games with them.

Poor Mrs. Bradley was dismayed. Giles could do nothing to make her understand. "Darling, whenever you want to come back to us, — you will know, we'll always be waiting, Alix dear," she said, when Alix bade her goodbye.

"Goodbye, old thing," said Rosemary staunchly.

"We'll come to see you in France," Ruth assured her, "at your Vaudettes place; though I do hate shingle to bathe on."

"All of you must come, whenever you will," Alix murmured, pale in her little blue buttoned cape. Alix knew what they did not know, that they would never be allowed to come.

Then Giles saw the last of her. She stood leaning on the railing of the steamer deck, Blaise in his basket beside her, and

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waved to him until the blue mist of the April day dissolved her form, and as he saw her disappear Giles felt a dreadful loneliness. Tame, flat, colorless did life become to him. The sense of Alix's presence had been in his mind like the sense of Alpine flowers brought within one's own garden precincts, sweet, strange, yet intimate; like the sense of mountain ranges on one's horizon, aloof, mysterious, yet visible. The loss of Toppie from his life was like a pervading, half stupefied aching; but from the sharpness that the loss of Alix brought he saw how little in comparison Toppie's going meant real loss. He had never possessed Toppie. The ache might now be deeper, but it was still the same ache that the thought of Toppie had always meant.

On the morning of Alix's departure they heard that Toppie had returned to Bath. Another three days passed before a letter came for him. It was short, yet it brought him more comfort than he could have believed possible.

"Dear Giles," she wrote, "I think I begin to understand all that you have tried to do for me. It was wrong of you; but I think I understand. I have been wrong, too. Perhaps this came to show me that one can love wrongly. I do not think I love him less now; only differently. I know that he suffered before he died. When I read his last letters now, I can see the suffering in them. I send my love to everybody.

Always your friend, dear Giles,

TOPPIE."

And a postscript, written hurriedly, ran, "Keep poor, brave little Alix with you."

Under the dry phrases he read the mastered anguish. But it was mastered. That was the comfort that Toppie's letter brought him. As that piercing intuition in her on the day among the birch woods had led her to the portals of the truth, so now it had led her to the heart. She no longer misunderstood him.

It was on the morning of Toppie's letter that Jerry was ushered into Giles' study.

Giles, as he rose to greet the bright apparition in his doorway, did not know whether it was with more gloom or satisfaction that he saw it. He was glad that Jerry was holding on, yet his presence there seemed to add to his own sense of bereavement. He could do nothing more for Alix. But though she had disowned Jerry, it now remained to be seen if Jerry could do something.

"Is she gone!" Jerry exclaimed. Giles' face might have told it to him, and his charming eyes, so like his mother's, went swiftly round the room, partly as if they might still discover the missing Alix, and partly in the unconscious appraisal of a new milieu. Like his mother Jerry would always see everything, wherever he might be.

"Yes, she's gone," said Giles, giving a push to the sofa. Strange indeed to have Alix's suitor sitting in Alix's own corner.

"I didn't know till yesterday that Mummy had stolen a march on me," Jerry said. "She didn't try to hide from me, — I'll do her that justice, — how splendidly you've been standing up for us! If she's gone, do you mean she knows?"

"She knows, or has guessed enough," said Giles.

"If only Alix had consented to marry me at once, we'd have been all right. People always put up with the *fait accompli*. Marigold might have come trotting with her little tale of woe, but she'd have been too late. Well, she's too late, now, and I'll show her so. I shall go over to Paris at once. I don't suppose I shall meet with much opposition from Madame Vervier."

"I think you'll meet a great deal from Alix," said Giles, aware of restlessness and inquiry beneath the brave parade of Jerry's words. "Your only chance is to bring your mother round. That will take time."

Jerry eyed him for a moment. "Well, Alix is a French girl, — she's rubbing it in enough that she's French! — and she'll obey her mother. If her mother tells her she's to marry me, I expect she will. By the way, what sort of woman is she, really, Madame Vervier?" Jerry added, and boyishly, touchingly in Giles' eyes, he suddenly flushed.

Giles was thinking how like wax in Madame Vervier's hands would Jerry be. "The only person I ever met who reminds me of her is your mother," he said.

"Mummy?" Jerry stared indeed.

"They're not at all alike in what they've done; but they are very much alike in

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what they are. You could count upon Madame Vervier as you could count upon your own mother. She'd always know what to do. If you and Alix were married she'd never trouble you."

Jerry had never had to face anything that was difficult. Everything about him seemed to be saying that as he sat there, his thoughtful cigarette in his hand, his russet head poised meditatively. He saw Alix as a bright object that he naturally wanted, and Alix's determination not to give up her mother made a darkness about her. It was evident to Giles that Jerry turned away from the thought of darkness as he said presently, "Isn't she absolutely the loveliest creature you ever beheld?"

"Do you know," Giles confessed, surprised by the change of theme, but willing to follow to the best of his ability, "I've never thought much about Alix's appearance. I suppose she is lovely. I like everything her face means; and the more I know Alix the more it goes on meaning."

"She's a Nike," said Jerry, gazing at the fire. "She's on the prow of a Greek ship flying over the wine-dark sea. You've seen her dance, — in that white and crystal dress with the silver round her head. When I look at her dancing I long to dance with her; when I dance with her, I long to be looking at her. Odd, isn't it, how one never can get enough at once. She's got the most extraordinarily cold eyes, you know," said Jerry, launched on his theme, "cold and blue and deep, like mountain lakes."

"Yet she's not cold," said Giles. He was seeing Alix, not dancing, not smiling, but looking as she had looked the other morning when she had said, "Now, if other things should fail her, she will know at least I am there to be depended on." And Jerry only saw her dancing.

But Giles himself wanted Alix to dance. He wanted her to marry Jerry. He believed it might still be possible if Jerry could be good enough. "If you hold firm, you know," he said, "I feel sure your mother will stand by you." He smiled down at Jerry, so young, so slight, but so charming and so sound. If Jerry could get strength enough to hold on, he would waft Alix far away. Philosophers could have little to do with dancing white and silver Nikes. "Deserve her, you see."

"Not go over tomorrow, you mean?" Jerry questioned, docile to any suggestion. "I'd so much rather have it settled straight off."

"You'll gain everything with Alix, and with your mother, if you show them that you can wait. Write to Alix, of course; write constantly. You must show yourself so much in love to Alix that you'll convince her that romance is common sense. You see, I want you to win her not only for yourself, but for England."

Jerry's eyes were on him and they dwelt for some moments of bright contemplation as if for the first time he was looking at Giles more carefully than he had looked at the gas fire and the mantelpiece. "You know, if I may say so, I do think you're a very remarkable person," he observed.

"Am I? Why?" Giles asked, smiling rather sadly.

"Well," Jerry continued to look at him, but he blushed again, "to care so much about a girl you're not in love with yourself."

Giles, too, was blushing now. "I'm most awfully fond of Alix," he said.

"I know. That's what's so remarkable. To be so fond yet not to be in love."

"You see, one may be in love with some one else; that would prevent, wouldn't it? And you can care immensely about some one without being in love with them."

Jerry got up and went to the mantelpiece, picking up and examining one of the horrid little china animals thereon. But he was not seeing it. "You really think I can manage it?"

"You can't manage it unless you can count on yourself. It won't be an easy thing to marry Alix. It's not only as a dancing Nike you have to think of her. It's as Madame Vervier's daughter, too."

"And as a Catholic. And as French," Jerry murmured, setting down a china cow to take up a china cat. "How would you like it if your children had to be Catholics?" Jerry very gloomily inquired.

"I should not like it at all. It's one of the things I'd put up with if I were in love with Alix and she in love with me."

"Do you know, I almost wish you were," Jerry said, from a sudden cloud of darkness.

Giles paused. "Does that mean that you've given her up?"

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"No, I've not given her up. I'm going to try to live up to the part of the English lover. It's only — that I see the difficulties."

Chapter IV

Before Giles went back to Oxford a short letter came to Mrs. Bradley from Toppie saying that she was going to stay on in Bath for the present and that her determination to become a nun was unaltered. After that, for many weeks, they heard nothing more of her and it was not until the end of June that Giles received a letter telling him that she was at Headington, staying with an old friend of her mother's before entering her novitiate, and asking him to come and see her. The old friend lived in a little house sunken among the high walls and deep leafage of a garden, and the drawing-room, where Giles waited for Toppie, its long windows opening on a little lawn, seemed part of the garden, it was so full of flowers and sunlight.

She was changed. So changed that it was almost as if he had forgotten her and was seeing her for the first time again. Perhaps it was that since last seeing her all his thoughts of her had been changed. Personal hopes, personal longings were gone, and seen without the aching glamor that they had cast about her, Toppie was at once less and more beautiful. For never before had he recognized the defects and deficiencies of her face. She was a pale, thin, freckled girl, slightly featured, with dry lips and colorless eyes. Yet in this newly perceived earthliness there was revealed to him the fulfillment, as it were, of that celestial quality he had from the first divined in her.

She looked at him sweetly and calmly, giving him her hand, and saying, "dear Giles."

They walked into the garden and sat down under a lilac tree. It was in thick bloom, and the fragrance fell about them. Giles saw now what his greatest fear had been, and he knew that it was groundless. Toppie would never ask him a question. The past was over; not forgotten, but over. That was what her departure, her silence had won for them. She could not, at that past time, have kept herself from pressing against the swords of every fullest realization. She could not have kept herself from seeing, as balefully as he had seen them, the figures of Owen and Madame Vervier. She would never ask those questions now.

And presently it was of Owen himself that she was speaking.

"I wanted to tell you what peace it has given me, Giles, to feel that he did love me," she said. "He loved me. But not as I loved him. When one accepts the truth, Giles, it gives peace. And now I see that we are not meant to ask for the same love back. It is enough to love; and I shall always love him."

"He always loved you, Toppie," Giles murmured. "He was swept away." After he had said these words he remembered that they were the words of Madame Vervier.

"Yes," Toppie accepted quietly. "Swept away. And he was alone, in a strange country, in a time of dreadful strain. And she was so kind and so lovely. And she does not believe the things we believe. I have seen it all, Giles. I have forgotten nothing of all that you tried to tell me on that day. Wrong, you said, not wicked. I have seen it all, — and how he suffered. But now, with him, too, there is peace. I believe it. With all that has come between, we are not separated, he and I."

Looking into Toppie's eyes Giles could not but believe it too.

They were silent for a little while. Then Toppie said, "And you, dear Giles?"

"I? Oh, I'm getting on quite nicely, Toppie, dear," Giles smiled back at her. "I shall take my First, I think."

"Yes. But I didn't mean you only, you alone. I mean you and Alix. What are you going to do with our dear little Alix?"

"Ah, there's a long story there," said Giles. "Have you heard anything about Jerry Hamble?"

"Only what your mother wrote about some trouble that Alix felt it better to be away from. I knew it could not be only that. I knew what other trouble there was. Oh, Giles, I was so cruel to Alix. I could not think of what I said. But tell me about Jerry."

Giles found that it was not easy. There were still things that he must hide from Toppie. It was, he knew, everything to her to believe that Owen had given his

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heart to a woman not ignoble. But with all the celestial charity that had come to her vision of life, how could she believe Madame Vervier anything but ignoble if she knew of Owen's successor? "Lady Mary heard things about her, you see," he said, "things we know, Toppie, — and felt that Alix wasn't a possible person for her son to marry."

"But I thought she loved Alix."

Giles knew again the flavor of his old bitterness. "She doesn't love her enough. Perhaps one shouldn't expect it."

"But one does expect it. And does he love her enough?"

Giles stopped to meditate. "I see a lot of him. He's always coming to me. I think he regards me as their tutelary deity. He shows me all her letters. Alix writes one letter to his four, Jerry complains, and her letters are models of deportment. Yes; he loves her quite enough. It's waiting that's so hard for Jerry. He needs to do things on the crest of the wave, and Alix keeps him in the trough."

"I can't help feeling that he isn't good enough for Alix, Giles."

"I don't say he's good enough. Who is?"

Toppie had been looking out over the garden. Now, turning her eyes on him with a smile she said quite suddenly, "You are good enough. You must marry Alix, Giles."

How strange it was. Madame Vervier had said almost those words a year ago and they had wakened not an echo in him. Now, as he heard them spoken in Toppie's confident voice, a great confusion of fear, pain, loneliness started up in Giles' heart. It was as if he had been waiting for Toppie to say them; as if he had felt that deep-toned bell hanging in some sanctuary of his nature and known that Toppie would thus strike it, sending the reverberations far into the past as well as into the future. For a moment he could hardly think, he was so deafened by the clamor, and then the first words that came were helpless words. "She wouldn't have me, Toppie dear."

"Why not?" Toppie had taken his avowal quite for granted.

"If she loves anyone it's Jerry."

"They won't marry," said Toppie. "There are too many difficulties, and he doesn't love her enough. No one will ever love Alix as you do."

"But that's no reason, for her. She'll have other people's love. Of course, I see it's true; and I suppose I've known it for a long time. But Alix would never think of me like that. She thinks of me as her brother. As her father, almost; as some one kind, and gruff, and paternal. She has her full-fledged fairy prince waiting ready to fly off with her. He may have his defects; but all the same, he is the real thing. He can give her the crystal dress and the prancing steed and the dancing to flutes and cymbals. Oh, you know perfectly well, Toppie darling, all the things I can never give her and that she loves with all her heart. It's queer, you know; I've wanted so to make Alix over into something English, and what I see is that she's made me into something more French. I'd have been indignant two years ago at the idea of marriages with an object of advantage in them, — but now I've been inoculated with a drop of the French realism. Alix accepts the world and sees it as it is. And she's made me worldly for her. She's not a romantic English girl. She'd never believe in all for love and the world well lost."

Toppie was considering him. "As I listen to you it seems to me that you are the most English thing there is. What Frenchman would ever do what you have done, or feel what you feel about Alix? Isn't it an English way of feeling to love like that, without a thought of self? And Alix has shown you and me, Giles, how she can love."

"I know, I know," Giles murmured. "But with her it's just because she loves me selflessly that she'll never love me differently."

"What you must do," said Toppie, "is go over and see."

"With Jerry in the way? I couldn't do that."

"Let him have his chance then, first. Let him go to France and ask her. I'm not afraid of Jerry. May I tell you something, Giles? You must not think me foolish, but things seem to come to me so strangely now. I've always wanted this for you. From the first time I saw Alix it was what I wanted. And now, when I shut my eyes and think of you and her, it is always together that I see you, —

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with my doves around you. That would be my wedding present to you, you know." Toppie smiled at him, and her smile had the color of light and came from far distances. "All my doves, to watch over you and Alix and keep you safe together always."

Chapter V

Giles did not believe in what his dear Toppie had told him, but the thought of her words hovered round him as if her very doves sought the nest she promised. It was impossible. He could not recall a glance or word of Alix's that made it seem possible; yet it hovered. The thought of Alix accompanied his days. He had said that he had nothing to give her, and it was true that he had no fairy-prince gifts; but sculling quietly on the Cherwell at evening, Giles, resting on his oars and watching his beloved Oxford glide past, would remember how many things they had shared together, — simple, happy things. She had learned to like Oxford, too. He treasured every discerning phrase that his memory could recover. He could see himself and Alix in Oxford together, and walking in the fields and lanes.

More than that. There was another figure that Toppie had not brought into her picture; but she would have thought of it. It was the figure that stood between Alix and all those other dreams he had woven round her and Jerry. Who but himself could care for Alix's mother and accept her into his life? Madame Vervier, he knew, would never come to Oxford. But there were long holidays when he and Alix might have gone to her. "But it's only dear Toppie's dream," thought Giles, watching the towers glide by. "And there's Jerry."

It was late one evening, at the end of Commemoration Week, that Jerry burst into his rooms. Ruth and Rosemary and his mother had just left him. His sisters were now old enough to join in any of the Oxford festivities that he could offer them, and his mind was in a daze from the midsummer excitement. It bubbled at the bottom of the glass like froth after a long satisfying draught, for he knew he had done well in his examinations and now only his viva lay before him. He had seen Jerry dancing, and he had seen him on the river. Lady Mary had waved to him from a barge in mild, unallusive affectionateness, and for a moment they had spoken together in a crowd leaving the Sheldonian. "I think you could tell me that I might be proud of Jerry," was what she had said, and it was a very odd thing for Lady Mary to say. It showed Giles that if to him Jerry showed his weakness, to his mother he was showing his strength.

It was neither strength nor weakness that Jerry showed him now, but rather an immense perplexity. "I've had a most amazing letter from Alix," he cried at once on entering.

Giles pulled himself up in his chair and Jerry sat on the edge of the table beside him. It was a painful perplexity: humiliation, bitterness, cogitation were mingled in it, and as Giles saw it, fear rose in his heart, though he asked, in the voice of the friend and counsellor, "Well?"

"I was going over in a fortnight," said Jerry. "I wrote and told her so. And I told Mummy, and Mummy has behaved splendidly. She's in a frenzy underneath, no doubt; but she shows nothing. I expect she relies on Alix to back her up. Well, by Jove, she may! Alix does more than back her up. Here's her answer. Am I really dished, do you think? Or is it just to put me off?"

Giles read. Alix wrote in English as if to make herself more clear.

"Dear Jerry, You must not come. I have told you that I could not marry you, but I blame myself because I spoke that time in the spring with some uncertainty. It is not only the objections now. There is another reason that did not then exist. Please do not question me; and please forgive me for any pain that I may cause you, but it is some one else I love. I did not know what love was when you asked me. You must marry some girl of your own race, dear Jerry, and be happy. I shall never leave France now.

Your friend,
Alix."

Giles read, and his heart stood still while brightly, balefully, the fox-seraph visage of André de Valenbois rose before him. Alix's letter was dated from Vaudettes-sur-Mer.

"Can you imagine who it is? Have you heard anything at all?"

Giles shook his head.

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"Does her mother know any decent men?" Jerry inquired.

Giles, folding the letter, tried to think. Were they decent men? Judged by the world's standards André was as decent as Jerry himself. The difference was that he would not be decent for Alix. "Yes," he said then slowly. "I suppose they are decent. She may marry some one quite decent, you see, but not of her own class, — some nice young artist, for instance, some *savant*. Her mother knows all sorts of interesting people."

"But she doesn't say anything about marrying," Jerry persisted. "Do you think she's telling the truth?"

"It sounds to me like the truth," was all Giles could find to say. It sounded to him too horribly like the truth. Something dry and cold breathed through Alix's few words and to his apprehension it was the dryness, the coldness of her despair. For if Alix knew that she loved her mother's lover, what must not her despair be? Giles felt himself swinging in the void. It was barely possible that with all the revelations that had overpowered her she had not yet thought of her mother as involved further than with Owen. Might she not still have her ignorances? Madame Vervier would have done all in her power to preserve them.

He was not thinking of himself or of Jerry. He was thinking only of Alix, and his absorption was so deep and so bitter that he was not aware how long Jerry, sitting there beside him, had been observing him, until, looking up, he met his eyes.

"It's pretty sickening, isn't it?" said Jerry.

Giles did not quite know to which aspect of the disaster he referred, but he assented. "Yes, it's pretty sickening."

Then he saw that Jerry referred to his disaster. "I'm not an utterly blind and complacent young donkey," said Jerry, swinging his foot, while his voice trembled a little. "You mind as much as I do; and you mind more, because you really love her more. Whatever you may have been in the spring, you're in love with Alix now, and I must say that I call it a rotten shame."

"My dear boy!" Giles ejaculated, faintly smiling.

"You'd have stood by and helped us. And you'd have been satisfied in feeling her safe, in feeling that England had got her, even if you hadn't. And now you've lost even that."

"It looks like it, doesn't it," said Giles. There was really no use in denying anything to Jerry; but at the same time this was the final bitterness. He had never been so sure of wanting Jerry for Alix.

"Perhaps there's still some hope," he said suddenly. "I'll have to go over, of course, as soon as I've had my viva, and see whether there's any hope."

"Do you mean for me or for you?" Jerry inquired.

"I mean for you," said Giles.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Miss Stevens Replies

In accordance with FORUM *procedure, Doris Stevens has sent us the following letter by way of rebuttal of Dr. Hamilton's article in the August debate. It might have been mentioned that Miss Stevens, since graduating from Oberlin College, has devoted her entire time to the study of feminism, here and abroad. She is the author of "Jailed For Freedom" a volume which presented a dramatic account of the long militant fight for the equal suffrage amendment and of the political strategy underlying militancy.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

THE FORUM asked me to "state the case for the equality amendment" which I endeavored to do. That means equality in every department of human activity. My opponent, Dr. Hamilton, while not stating that she concedes equality in all fields except the industrial, limits her argument to that field. I shall, therefore, confine my brief rebuttal to the industrial controversy.

"Women have never been strong in the trade union movement, not even in those industries which are overwhelmingly feminine," says Dr. Hamilton. Any adequate history of the American labor movement does not seem to sustain this contention. As early as 1833 the women needle workers of Baltimore first organized. In 1835 the first federation of women workers was organized in Philadelphia, and this despite the fact that they were *seamstresses working in their own homes.* In 1833 the women shoe workers of Lynn not only organized but conducted a strike. In 1835 the Ladies Shoe Binders of New York organized. In 1828 in Dover women were militant enough to strike against factory rules covering docks and fines. Lowell employers, 1834, announced a reduction in wages. The girls not only struck, but a woman leader delivered "a flaming Mary Wollstoncraft speech on the rights of women" and urged the strikers to make a run on the Lowell Bank and Savings Bank.

When organized labor was feeblest in this country, women were as militant and easily organized as men. In those early days women outnumbered men in industry. Machinery took women into the factories. Men were agriculturists. Women might have held their gains if they had not been forced so early in their organization (the 50's) to compete with the sudden Irish immigration which followed the famines in Ireland, and the continental immigration following the European revolutions of 1848, — both of which migrations brought thousands of men industrial laborers to our country. Women had been allowed in industry because there was a shortage of men. Now came these men immigrants underbidding the women. This was the chief factor in displacing native American women workers whose rate of pay was greater than the immigrants asked.

Did organized men's labor aid the women to hold their lines? On the contrary, just at this point (Ohio, 1852) the first "protective" law for women only was written. Let us examine what led up to this "protection."

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Women in industry were always treated as a group outside, not as an integral part of the labor movement . . . and this before "dangerous trades" had been elaborately investigated. What to do with "female labor" was a constant source of anxiety to men's trade unions. The convention of the National Trades Unions as early as 1835 condemned female labor in general as "debasing to the women and as *bringing destructive competition to the male laborer.*" The same body the following year reported through its Committee on Female Labor that "female labor is a physical and moral injury to woman and a *competitive menace to man.*" It deplored the fact that out of 58 trade societies in Philadelphia alone, 24 were "seriously affected by female labor." If only the "evil could be stopped here, it might be controlled . . . but it is a dangerous innovation . . . which must be destroyed gradually . . . . The *state legislatures should be requested to enact laws preventing females under a certain age from being employed in large factories. . . .*"

From then on the hostility of organized male labor to welcoming women as a part of the working class movement is unbroken. Their leaders have shown as little comprehension of woman's relation to the working class movement as the most backward theologians about her right to immortality. Case after case occurs of concerted action by men's trade unions to "rid themselves of the competition of women." Right now there are international organizations in the American Federation of Labor which absolutely refuse to admit women. The International Moulders Union, for example, states in its constitution, "Any member, *honorary or active*, who devotes his time in whole or in part to the instruction of female help in the foundry, or *in any branch of the trade*, shall be expelled from the union."

From Samuel Gompers down, the leaders have blocked women in their fight against exclusion. Failing in this, women have asked each year that organizations barred by specific exclusions, be allowed to affiliate directly with the A. F. of L. but action on it has always been tabled. Yet Dr. Hamilton says, "whatever be the reason for this" women are difficult to organize. For a long time such organization as was attempted among women was done by men organizers. Of union funds expended, a negligible amount was spent to organize women. Of late years the words "evil" . . . "menace" . . . "destructive competition" . . . have given way to "protection," but the intent is the same.

Let us examine the reverse of the exclusion policy. No more powerful trade unions exist than the International Ladies' Garment Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Fifty per cent of the membership in each is women. Women serve on executive boards, local and international. Women organizers cover the field. Women delegates attend conventions. Even Alice Henry, who believes in special protection for women, says of the Garment workers, "It must be ranked as an industry in which women have made immense advance in wages, hours and sanitary conditions, all of which advantages they have gained hand in hand with the men. . . . The decrease in working hours from 70 to 44 has been won through the struggle of both men and women in the industry and both have benefited equally."

As to night work. We deplore it for all human beings. But we do not believe the economic needs of women forced to work at night are met by taking their jobs away. I have read the best the world offers in opposition to night work for women and there is no proof that it is "femaleness" which makes night work more injurious to women. But there is ample evidence that it is woman's night work in the factory plus her day work in the home, her double job, that wears her out. "The working mother is handicapped by her own nature," Dr. Hamilton says. I maintain that she is not handicapped by her nature but by the cruel necessity to work by night and run the home by day.

As to poisonous trades. Suppose it were a fact that femaleness was the sole independent factor (it has not yet been so proved) to greater susceptibility to poisons among women. Why not insist that such processes as endanger the health of men and women shall go. We did it with match-making which produced phossy jaw. Why handicap women because some processes are now dangerous? Or suppose protectionists succeeded in getting all women safely out of all dangerous trades, and then science and mechanical applica-

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tion came forward to extract the dangers from those trades. The women would be out. The trades would then be safe for men. Women would have to fight all over again to get back into their lost trades. Any way you approach it protection is shortsighted.

Statistics which show that working women take more sick leave than men are unimpressive. One must expect this with the double work women do. That more women than men workers succumb to tuberculosis is not due to inherent weakness in their sex. Granted they share the same undernourishment, unsanitary housing conditions with the men, there is always the double job which women workers perform. This is not due to sex. This is due to the unjust arrangement of a man-made society. Were men to do housework at the end of their working shift, would it be said there was something inherent in their sex which made them fall easy victims to tuberculosis? Until statistics are computed on this basis, we can not accept the statement that women as women are more susceptible than men as men. We look to a system of society in which no man or woman shall do two jobs in one cycle of twenty-four hours. And this will take a lot of doing after we have equalized opportunity.

Does not Dr. Hamilton admit our whole contention when she points to Holland where equality in industry has been established, "not by taking privileges away from the woman but by extending them to the men?" That is precisely what we propose to do.

Protection is privilege. The privileged ultimately perish. It is to avert this result that we seek to establish not privilege nor identity, but equality for men and women in all departments of life.

DORIS STEVENS.

New York City.

Law and Propaganda

Editor of THE FORUM:

I believe in the soul-inspiring influence of walking — it is almost as beneficial as exercise with the arms and hands, but I hope it will never give me such funny ideas as it seems to give The Pedestrian. In discussing the labor problem in the June FORUM, The Pedestrian walks into error, or wanders away from the facts. Unlike the men he criticizes, he offers no helpful suggestion. He assumes that the "conflict between capital and labor" can be settled only by a proper "state of mind." Then he says, "A state of mind, a way of life, is not begotten of legislation, nor yet of propaganda."

Now the facts are that propaganda and legislation influence and create states of mind more than any other two things. Propaganda comes first, because legislation, except where it is bought and paid for, — as Tom Lawson said, "like fish in the market," — is generally the result of propaganda.

People will suffer in silence and ignorance for hundreds of years, unless they are jarred out of their "ruts" by propaganda. It is a form of education. Propaganda says we "ought" to do certain things. Legislation says we "must" do certain things. As the great majority have a law-abiding state of mind, they obey.

After many years of unpopular propaganda, the black slaves and the white bond slaves were freed by legislation. A state of mind has developed in the South to the effect that they cannot have chattel slavery, and that they do not want it.

Right now propaganda is bringing on a state of mind against war and against a belief in the necessity of war, and let us hope that it will bring legislation that will prevent wars.

A large part of the "conflict between capital and labor" is propaganda. It will last as long as one side, capital, has control of legislation. The ruling class believe their supremacy is necessary to the preservation of civilization, and carry on a powerful propaganda to that end. Labor looks forward to, and directs its propaganda toward, a time when there will be plenty of capital and labor, but no distinct classes of capitalists and laborers. Then, of course, there could be no conflict, no "inevitable issue" of the "economist."

If time and propaganda ever bring such a state, we will have a "new civilization," "new philosophy of life," and a "revaluation of things," vaguely mentioned by The Pedestrian. If propaganda cannot create a state of mind, then there is no such thing as "moulding public opinion."

A. J. STAFFORD.

Somerville, Mass.

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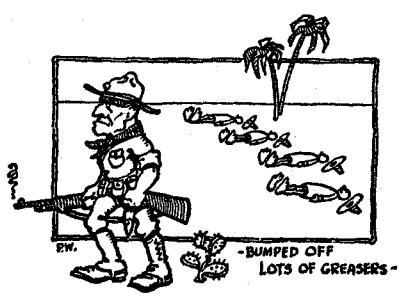
The Hard Boiled Marines are on Their Way

According to our esteemed and ironical contemporary, "The Nation," "the collection of loans floated through the House of Morgan and other Wall Street houses seems to be the primary concern of our State Department under the beneficent administration of Mr. Hughes." Nicaragua has paid off its railroad loan and the State Department is ready to withdraw the marines who have been there since 1912. Santo Domingo is apparently following suit.

If this sort of thing goes on, our nimble marines will soon be restored to their homes, footloose, — an almost unprecedented state of affairs. In answer to the hue and cry that has been raised in protest against their doings, for which after all they can scarcely be held responsible, the Rector of St. Mark's Church, Fall River, Mass., has been moved to versification, and a former colleague of his, Mr. Paul Windom, one time art editor of the "Pennsylvania Punch Bowl," has been moved to caricature. Mr. Graham joined the marines in 1918, served in the Verdun trenches and was wounded at Belleau Wood. Of arms and the marines he sings:



I got up this morning from my bunk in Quantico
The Sergeant said "Arise and shine! we must be on the go" —
I said "Where now?" Says he "To Mexico —
For the Spicks grabbed off our oil wells
And we get in the show!

Chorus

As we go marching and the band begins to P-L-A-Y
Our loans must be protected,
The hardboiled Marines are on their way —
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
The hardboiled Marines are on their way.

I've done my bit in Haiti for the dear old N. C. B.
And also in the Philippines for sugar, hemp, and tea;
"Grabbed a sock" in China after forty winks,
And pumped some rapid fire
In a lot of dirty Chinks.

In Cuba and Domingo I've had fever in my bones,
When we bumped off lots of Greasers
Who did not respect our loans.
Guatemala and Honduras have seen my smiling face,
And even Nicaragua was no loan-respecting place.

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The Senate blows off steam when we have landed anywhere,
They talk of loans and Wall Street and madly tear their hair.
Say, if we landed at the Pole I think they'd simply bust
If we forced the poor old Esquimos to pay the Gumdrop Trust!

Some months ago when crime waves filled the Press's dinner pails,
The bandits became very bold and tapped the U. S. mails.
But these bold bad desperadoes quickly turned to other scenes,
When the guarding of the mail bags
Was assigned to the Marines!

It was "Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous" in Champagne and Belleau,
And "up and at 'em, Jireen" in the little Argonne show.
But I guess when we reach Heaven and walk the shining stones
We'll be doing extra duty to protect somebody's loans!

Chorus

As we go marching and the band begins to P-L-A-Y
Our loans must be protected
The hardboiled Marines are on their way
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
The hardboiled Marines are on their way.

LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, 3RD.

A Brief for Standardization

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mrs. Truxton Beale in the June FORUM echoes what Pirandello has to say about America and standardization. I do not. It seems to me that to attack an economic phenomenon, without considering the factors behind it, is unfair. Standardization, viewed in its broadest significance, is neither a curse to itself nor to the finer things in life. Man is essentially an animal and as such his primal instincts are to produce and reproduce. He must have food, clothing, shelter. No dead man has yet produced a work of art.

Standardization is an undisguised blessing in that it is responsible for the material comforts without which there would be no leisure, and without leisure there is no civilization or appreciation of the spiritual. The machine has reduced our manual labor and thereby increased our mental relaxation. Canned milk, uniform styles, standard apartments simply mean that we have reached the stage where food, clothing, and shelter need not be our only concern in life. The greatest example of business efficiency and uniformity is seen in the products of the Ford Motor Company. Here is tangible proof of the immediate and indirect benefits of standardization in the extreme. Thousands of similar units are turned out daily in these plants. Does this mean that 250,000 employees are deadened to the better things of life? No, not at all!

Here we have a quarter of a million individuals who find it possible to work six hours a day for five days a week and be materially satisfied. The remainder of their time is free for the enjoyment of sports, politics, society, theatre, music, and the fine arts. Is this an encouragement of mediocrity? You cannot teach an embryo artist to produce an original work of art if he has not the time to learn how to handle a brush. And indirectly Ford has contributed to civilization by giving us the most economical method of transportation that history has ever known.

I hold a brief for standardization because it has meant the greatest happiness for the greatest number. It means that more people in America and elsewhere are enjoying greater material pleasures than ever before. Directly and indirectly effi-

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ciency is the handmaiden of the fine arts because it makes for leisure. After all, the Ford automobile, the chain store, the forty story skyscraper, the cake of soap, the electric printing-press, regular styles contribute towards making life livable. If standardization is responsible for 100,000 copies of Papini's *Life of Christ*, is it something to be ashamed of? If the young vocal student can train his ear to grand opera by listening to the radio, is genius being stifled?

It is not necessary that America be crowded with *extraordinary* minds to be a great country. The exceptional mind is usually disastrous unto itself. Witness Dreiser's *Genius* and Wassermann's *Goose Man* if you need proof of this. The recent Chicago murder was doubtless a work of genius.

It is good we are not all original geniuses. If we were a nation of individuals suffering from *dementia praecox*, even Pirandello's works would receive a flat reception. The genius thrills us but often at an unseen expense. He should be tolerated and encouraged but not propagated.

If mediocrity and standardization mean material and spiritual happiness, America is not going wrong. Analysis of Pirandello's warning is not going to result in a debarkation of master minds for the shores of Southern Europe.

HENRY R. GOLDBERG.

West Hartford, Conn.

Unassimilable Indians

From the Administrator of the French Colonies comes a belated letter referring to THE FORUM'S *debate on the Indian problem, from which the following paragraphs are quotable. Indirectly M. Galland's remarks have a bearing upon our Japanese debate in the present issue.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I believe it is a duty of the white man to save primitive peoples, whoever they may be. I do not think, — and I have had long experience with the tribes of the Congo (if I may be permitted the comparison), — I do not think, I say, that we can ever "assimilate" them, despite the exceptional individuals one meets among them who have been able to elevate themselves to the level of our mentality; and even in their case I am doubtful, for in spite of appearances, it cannot be denied that an abyss separates the mentality of the white man from that of the red, or black or yellow. In my opinion it is a snare and a delusion to seek to bridge this abyss, even in the space of several centuries.

I could cite, among the blacks, cases which are really disconcerting and which would prove that, just as we believe in the success of our efforts, some tiny fact arises to recall us to realities and to show us that this abyss of which I speak is always present between them and us.

I believe it is preferable to facilitate the evolution of natives in their own milieu, by respecting their manners and customs in so far as they are not contrary to civilization, — I mean true civilization, — by aiding them to practise physical and moral hygiene as a safeguard to their race, — in short, by protecting them through every means in our power. That is the real solution, and I repeat that to wish to make a white man out of a red man, or a black man out of a yellow, is an error.

To my way of thinking the Indians are far from being primitives. The nobility of their character, their tenacity, their greatness of soul and their pride set them apart from those whom we are tempted to call savages, even though these "savages" sometimes have a social organization which many civilised people might envy.

HENRI GALLAND,
Administrator of Colonies.

Paris, France.

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Should Women Have Equal Rights?

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting opinions of numerous women on a subject which was debated by Doris Stevens and Alice Hamilton in the August issue of The Forum.

"Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place under its jurisdiction" is the wording of the "Blanket" Amendment now before Congress. In the debate in the August issue of The Forum, an attempt was made to lift the "blanket" and to reveal, from both sides of this hot-bed of discussion, exactly what lies beneath the simply worded phrases of the Bill.

In the symposium on the subject, varied reactions to the proposed bill are presented. Opinions should be based on sound comprehension of economic problems. That the majority of expressions quoted have been made with such understanding, is the opinion held by the Editors.

"While women are unprotected by law against working overtime in the oldest profession on earth, unprotected against bearing an unlimited number of babies, unprotected against endless housework, cooking, washing, scrubbing, sewing, etc., and attention to babies at all hours of the night, the protective laws of woman in industry are rank hypocrisy." This is the straightforward opinion of Kitty Marion of the American Birth Control League, New York, and many of the women who have taken part in this controversy seem to agree with her. Nevertheless, there is a stimulating diversity of opinion on the matter, with excellent arguments on both sides.

May Smith Dean, writer and lecturer, of Brookline, Mass., believes that woman should have every opportunity for self expression, but "to deny that women require care and protection is equal to a denial of her physical mission of motherhood." She goes on, "If men are persistently assured that women do not need protection and care, chivalry is killed and with it the gentler side of manhood." It is with the practical phases of the issue that most of our controversialists are concerned. Would the "Blanket Amendment" result in immediate and permanent benefit for woman, or the reverse? Would equality before the law be equality in practice as well as in theory, or might it generate handicaps equal to or worse than the present so-called handicaps? "The 'Blanket Amendment' might efface a few cases of individual injustice," writes Mrs. Louise Kautz, "but I absolutely agree with Alice Hamilton that women in industry can be better protected without it and with the help of a few laws honestly designed for that purpose." "Take care not to sacrifice a safeguard for a phrase," cautions Alice Donlevy, art teacher, of New York City, and she quotes: "Hell is paved with good intentions."

Women who have labored for years to have laws passed for the protection of women are strongly averse to having their work undone at a stroke, and many of them believe that the "Blanket Amendment" would do this. One of these, Mrs. F. Nathan, of New York City, says: "I remember only too well how women were exploited before the Consumers' League and the Women's Trade Union League were successful in securing such legislation." Men's unions are strong enough to insure them fair working conditions but, so far, women remain unorganized and are in many cases the prey of unscrupulous employers. "The women of the National Woman's Party and other advanced and feminist organizations . . . need no protection before the law not accorded to men," writes Lydia Allen DeVilbiss, M.D., Professor of Public Health Administration, Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, "but we are a hopeless minority in a big country of many millions of women who, for the sake of the future, need industrial and other forms of special legislation to protect them from their own lack of knowledge, their ignorance and stupidity, and from the greed or cupidity of their employers." Of a similar opinion is Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Chairman Political Committee, The League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, New York. "Equality! Until our race is further ad-

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vanced towards the ideal of equality between the sexes, under the Woman's bill this would be an empty mockery to millions of wage-earning women who are bearing the burden of conditions that should not be, but which simply *are*. To the end we shall work for maternity bills, for eight hour days, and for every other social and industrial advance, for the sake not only of women as such alone, but for the sake of the race."

About eighty per cent of the women in industry are under twenty-one years of age. If they were given equality of opportunity under the law, thinks Sara Griswold Chapman, of Baldwin, L. I., who was one of the first group of women to start the agitation in 1905 for "equal pay for equal work" for New York City school teachers, these girls would make no attempt to "protect themselves physically for motherhood. . . . The 'Blanket Amendment' would destroy all the work of years that has been accomplished to protect the industrial woman to eventually build up a home and family if the chance came to her." As our society is at present constituted, protective laws, not equality of opportunity, are necessary for the well-being of the majority of working women. "The proposed amendment would not work for 'the greatest good of the greatest number,'" is the opinion of Mrs. A. J. Boulton, of Shelter Island Heights, N. Y., "but on the contrary would sacrifice the good of the many, who are in far greater need of protection, for the well-being of the few who are comparatively well able to take care of themselves."

Unsound and Unsafe

"The words 'equal' and 'identical' are not synonymous. Even if it were desirable men and women cannot be made identical by legal enactment. Were the needs of men and women identical then we would not have gained merely by doubling the vote by including woman. So I see only danger in working now to remove all laws that differentiate between the sexes. . . . I think it unsound logically and unsafe practically," writes Mrs. Harold L. Ickes of Hubbard Wood, Ill. So, also, believe Mrs. Percy Jackson, President of The Consumers' League, and Lydia E. Sayer, its Executive Secretary. "Such inequalities as exist," declare these two, "are matters of state legislation and should therefore be removed by making the necessary changes in the statutes of the various states. . . . Laws such as those regulating hours of employment, establishing a minimum wage, etc., have been passed not on theoretical grounds but to remedy certain conditions particularly harmful to women which have developed as a result of our industrial system. The effect of such laws is actually to equalize the position of men and women workers since most of the benefits which they give to women and many other advantages as well have already been secured by men through their union organizations."

Women who hold opinions substantially in accord with the foregoing are: Mrs. Florence Griswold, lecturer, of New York City, who adds that woman is "apt to be an extremist, shirking or working too intensely" and that the latter must be protected against herself; Mrs. L. F. Raynor, Mrs. Mildred Russell Fowler, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.; Marcelia McKeon, of New York City; Suzanne McKelvy, of San Francisco, who believes that women prefer short hours and a minimum wage to equal rights; Helen Howel Morehead, Secretary Opium Committee, Foreign Policy Association, New York City; Lillian Downing of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Susan Brandeis, Counsellor at Law, New York City, who believes that unnecessary legal inequalities may be removed by passing specific statutes to cover them; Cornelia C. Konselman, Bronx, N. Y., who sees social chaos as a result of the "Blanket Amendment"; Mrs. Chas. Norman Fay, Cambridge, Mass., who feels sure that woman is doing her best to make herself the equal of man, but until she succeeds she ought to be protected; and Sarah Stokes Halkett, of New York City, with an interesting letter to the effect that women under certain circumstances require aid or protection, but "how to safeguard these rights without interfering with adult woman's right to economic independence unhandicapped in competition with adult man is, of course, a very difficult question. She advises a law permitting an expectant mother to apply for an allowance. "I realize that the restrictive laws already in force represent the earnest effort of devoted if mistaken philanthropists . . . but . . . I would not

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try to abolish them at the present time lest by their abolishment a reaction might be brought about of which unscrupulous employers would take advantage."

Protect Men Too

Notwithstanding the fact that "Christ was not born a girl" many leaders among advocates for equal rights believe in an absolute lack of sex distinction.

"There being no 'sex' in industry, why should there be different laws for women than for men? Is industry safe? This is the main point. . . . Women do not, by nature, require any protective laws which men do not require. The Indian squaw is no more handicapped than her chief, — perhaps because no protective laws are made for her." So declares Christine Helmsen, Camden, N. J. It is equally important to the welfare of the race that potential fathers as well as potential mothers receive protection, in the opinion of Mrs. Minnie S. Karr, Treasurer, N. J. Branch of the National Woman's Party. "The so-called protective laws are in effect discriminatory when based on sex alone. . . . Men and women alike who are mentally and physically fit need first of all to be protected in their constitutional right to 'Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. This includes the right to work where and when, — in their own judgment, — they can best care for themselves and their dependents."

"As long as physical and mental inequalities exist it is wrong to try to legislate every individual to the same standard of work and wage," states Laura L. Brookman of the "Sunday Register," Des Moines, Ia. "Protection for the weaker classes — of women and men — is only justice." Frances C. Lillie, of Woods Hole, Mass., does not believe that women want a protection not given to men, and that the wisest and safest protection for all workers is that won "by a strong and militant trades unionism." The present protective laws served their purpose but the time has come for them to be replaced by broader, less discriminatory legislation. "Men need protection from exploitation as well as women," asserts Mrs. E. K. Burlew, Solicitor's Office, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., and, says Flora J. Cooke, Principal of the Frances W. Parker School, Chicago, "This would come under a blanket Equal Rights law, even though the particular arrangements for each sex were different." Jeanette C. Waterman, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. George Bauschbach, River Forest, Ill., subscribe to these views with equal earnestness.

Protection Does Not Protect

"The laws now on our statute books may at one time have been a help to women in industry, but now those laws are unjust restrictions." Miss Irville Miller, Congress Park, Ill., firmly believes that "special 'concessions' for women in industry are in reality handicapping women instead of benefiting them. For instance, where the eight-hour day law for women is in effect a man who owns a factory will hire men on a ten-hour day basis rather than women on an eight-hour day basis, for the same wage." She approves an eight-hour day legislation if men would be governed by it as well. This is the consensus of opinion of most of the women who are for the "Blanket Amendment." Says Mrs. G. A. Fowler, of Colorado Springs, State Chairman of the National Woman's Party: "Privileges are opposed to rights. All reasoning beings prefer the latter to the former. Woman's privilege in the past has consisted in being permitted to do the poorly or unpaid work of the world, with no reference to her physical fitness. . . . Special legislation for mothers may be justified on the ground of special services to the State, as in the case of a special class of men, such as soldiers; and all women are not always mothers and no industrial legislation should be enacted on a sex basis."

"So-called protective laws in reality, penalize, patronize and disfranchise women" in the opinion of Mary Glynn Collins of Colorado. A view likewise held by Mrs. Alfred Hertz of Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. S. Neufeldt, Superintendent, Women's Division, Employment Bureau of Des Moines, Ia., has found that "where the eight-hour day law and minimum wage for women only is in force, the tendency is to handicap rather than to benefit. I know of many employers who have replaced very efficient women with men, simply because during their rush seasons the women were prohibited from working overtime. . . . I can see no need of any law

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giving special privileges to women workers, as our women of today usually possess sufficient education, judgment and common sense to decline those positions which might jeopardize their health, chances of motherhood, or in any way interfere with their pursuit of happiness."

"Few if any of the workers go beyond their strength," asserts Honour B. Gelson, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Brooklyn, N. Y., "and with the shortening of their privileges they turn to other lines to supplement the losses caused by the protective shawl." Industrial laws that discriminate against women to the extent of compelling them to work shorter hours than men, and forbidding them to work at night, "react by giving men the preference when it comes to handing out the jobs," declares Mrs. Chas. J. Ogle, of Catonsville, Md. Our viewpoint "should be more fundamental and less sentimental. Laws which ignore the rights of mothers to the joint guardianship of their own children but which make them sole guardian of their illegitimate children are clearly unjust. Laws which do not recognize the rights of married women to their services and earnings are relics of chattel slavery days. Inheritance laws which give males the preference condemn themselves."

Effa L. Casebeer, Washington, D. C., says that from her personal observation "women are not sheltered in industry. They are required to and do earn every dollar they get and I have found most employers want them to earn several dollars for every dollar they get. . . . There are a great many employers who, if they can get away with it, and many do, brow-beat their girls and women employers into serving longer hours and keeping the records intact, viz.: eight hours."

Mrs. Harry H. Thomas, Second Vice President of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, is "*For* the Amendment because those most vitally concerned are for it," and she gives instances of injustices that have been wrought on account of the laws restricting women's hours of work. "It should be remembered that from time to time a considerable proportion of those whose sole income is derived from their labor must face unemployment and during periods of business depression the woman whose bargaining power is curtailed by law must compete with men who can contract with freedom. I believe working women would be practically unanimous in choosing overwork, underpay and night work, all combined, in preference to charity, starvation, suicide or prostitution," says Julia Atkins, of Washington, D. C., but she finds the proposed Equal Rights Amendment indefinite on another point.

Mary Mackenzie Childs, of Washington, D. C., taking her stand likewise with the Woman's Party, makes a plea for granting a "free hand" to women, "even," she adds, "if the pendulum swings a bit wild, the reaction will be but natural, and Woman, under God, is Humanity's sole hope." A pertinent question is asked by Dr. Anna M. Braunwarth, of Chicago, "If the same education, care, and exercise are given each boy and girl, why not the same moral, mental, physical, and spiritual result?"

Would Women be Soldiers?

"Would women be subject to conscription in time of war?" asks Miss Atkins, and Anna E. Blount, M. D., of Oak Park, Ill., proposes a similar question. Dr. Blount wants women to have "equal punishment for the same crime, divorce for the same cause, equal right to practise any calling from steeple-jack to deep-sea diver; equal inheritance from spouse, parents, and children in all respects; equal political rights; equal rights to development and self-expression," but, since she considers war "a crime much blacker than murder for spite or anger, greed or lust," she does not desire women to "have the right to do this or any other wrong."

On the other hand, as Ella Whitney Moore, of Ridgefield Park, N. J., points out, "There is absolutely no argument in favor of unfair discrimination in any phase of humanity. Why should there be inequality in the laws of a progressive nation when woman's part in the scheme of life is just as important as man's?" In emphasizing this very point, Lavinia Egan, of Mt. Lebanon, Louisiana, a member of the National Council, National Woman's Party, quotes this opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Minimum Wage Decision given by Mr. Justice Sutherland: "We cannot accept the doctrine that women of mature age, *sui juris*, require or may be subjected to restrictions

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upon their liberty of contract which would not lawfully be imposed in the case of men under similar circumstances. To do so would be to ignore all the implications to be drawn from the present-day trend of legislation, as well as that of common thought and usage, by which woman is accorded emancipation from the old doctrine that she must be given special protection or be subject to special restraint in her contractual and civil relationships."

Comments from Colorado

Seven prominent women leaders in active public life of Colorado, write The Forum of their views on the proposed Amendment. All but one are opposed to the passing of such a bill. The one in favor of the "Blanket Amendment" is Mrs. Anna Hayes, president of the Denver Woman's Press Club, author and poet. Her view is that "Woman will realize her greatest usefulness neither working for nor against men, but with them."

Mrs. Helen Loring Grenfell, member of the Colorado State Senate, takes her stand against the amendment. "A constitutional amendment which would do away with the great amount of special legislation benefiting woman and hence the whole social structure would seem to be reversing the wheels of progress." This fear is likewise apparent in the view held by Mrs. John D. Sherman, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs who believes that such an amendment to the constitution is a backward and wholly unnecessary step. Mrs. C. C. Bradford, State Superintendent of Public Instruction and war-president of the N. E. A. writes, "I believe that this amendment is based upon a false psychology, a distorted sociology and an untrue physiology. Therefore I am opposed to the so-called equal rights amendment.

Mrs. Rubie Wolard, vice-president of the Colorado State Federation of Labor feels that this law, if adopted, would be a backward rather than a forward step. She states, "While we are in favor of the Equal Property Rights, we feel that humanity rights are of greater value to women in industry, and to mothers of the race, in their duty to the health of coming generations."

Mrs. Jessie Munroe, first vice-president of the Colorado State Federation of Women's Clubs and past-president of the Denver Woman's Club holds the view that in fairness and justice to woman, who carries the burden of maternity, special protection should be thrown about her. A reaction, also of Dr. Lillian Pollack, president of the Denver Woman's Club, who says, "The equality of men and women does not alter the fact that they have a vital physical difference, and that woman as wife, mother, wage earner needs these protective laws secured for her in thirty states."

Persons, not Women

"Wage and hour laws are all right, but let them read *persons*, not *women*," maintains Mrs. Howard Sevier, of Tallulah, Louisiana. "This state is a beautiful example of the crying need for the Equal Rights Amendment." She goes on to say that they have managed to get some of the grosser discriminations against women wiped out, but that it is slow work, "whereas the amendment would give it to us at one clean sweep."

More and more women are disclaiming all desire for protection and privileges other than the protection and the privileges granted to all free persons. As childbearer and rearer, subject to the call of duty at all hours of the day or night, what privileges were hers? is a question asked again and again. "From time immemorial woman has been noted pre-eminently for her powers of endurance," Cornelia Norris Edwards, of San Diego, California, reminds us, "Then why, in the name of justice, should she be freighted with that dead letter stuff, an eight hour day and a six day week and a minimum wage and no night work, — *as soon as she strikes out to work for pay?*" It is her opinion that, following the legalization of equal rights, fair working conditions for both men and women will come into force.

Mrs. Emma P. Faris, of Kanopolis, Kansas, who is eighty years of age, speaks heartily for equal rights. "Alice Hamilton is just talking when she speaks of 'laws built up through generations to shelter women in industry.' How many generations since women came into industry? . . . When I came to this world in eighteen forty-four and for many years thereafter only eight occupations were open to women." Mrs. Faris says she used to wish

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she were a boy so that she would not be constantly reminded of her sex, but now "I am glad today I am a woman and hope ere I pass on to know that every discriminating bar to sex equality, civil, social, and religious, has ceased to be." Mrs. O. E. Chaney, President of the Women's Legislative Council of California, who lives in Piedmont, sees in "protection" nothing but a manifestation of sentimentalism; while Mrs. B. McClung, of Washington, D. C., says: "God has given us all the laws we need for protection and man cannot improve on them. As to the minimum wage, I know from experience it has proved a curse instead of a blessing. . . . Years in the building do not make laws of value."

Women Protected by Vote

Should the passing of the "Blanket Amendment" react to her disadvantage, particularly in industry, women need only have recourse to the vote. "She is powerful enough with the ballot," asserts Alma Rademacher, of New York, "to redress her wrongs. It isn't conceivable that if men work under an eight hour law, women would not do likewise." Augusta V. Aul, of Brooklyn, N. Y., wonders whether women in accepting equal rights will be willing also to accept equal responsibilities and incidentally deplores the fact that "the recently enfranchised women now entering public life" should be more taken up with the "narrow idea of 'woman' rather than the generous thought of common humanity."

The following are only a few of the keenly analytical questions presented by Florence Kelley, General Secretary of the National Consumers League and one well-fitted because of her life-work for the betterment of industrial conditions, to sum up the situation. Mrs. Kelley asks these questions for the enlightenment of Congress and the voters and invites the Woman's Party to answer them. "Will the Amendment destroy the Sheppard-Towner Act, signed by President Harding? This law creates inequality in favor of women, — maternity not applying alike to both sexes. Will husbands need to continue to support their wives? Are the rights of colored women in the South to be equal, as in Illinois and New York, with the rights of white men and women? Will fathers become jointly responsible with mothers of illegitimate children? What will become of the penalties for seduction, for violation of the Mann Act, for rape? These penalties apply to men alone and obviously discriminate in favor of girls and women. The bill reads 'equal rights,' — equal rights with whom?" To all these questions, and many others, Mrs. Kelley states that there is but one final answer, — "the United States Supreme Court."

Numerous women advance arguments in favor of the "Blanket Amendment" similar to those quoted, among them, Mrs. Gudrun L. Drewson of Larchmont, N. Y.; Minnie Jahp, M.D., Jane Olwell, Bronx, N. Y., Social Investigator, Board of Child Welfare and a member of the N.Y. League of Women Voters; Phyllis Duganne of Truro, Mass.; Mrs. M. A. Nolan, Jacksonville, Florida; Mrs. A. D. Cost, Washington, D. C.; Bishop Alma White, Denver, Colorado; Mrs. J. W. Whitcomb, Batavia, Java; Mrs. A. B. Collins, Farmingham Centre, Massachusetts; Miss Sara A. Dunn, Shirley Center, Massachusetts; Marion Starr Alterton, Palo Alto, California; Jessica Lee Briggs of San Francisco, who says "All slavery has been favored on the grounds of a weaker humanity"; and Ada M. Chevaillier, M.D., Medical Director, manager and owner of the Chevaillier Tuberculosis Colony, Gallup, N. M.

Agitation Means Evolution

"Agitation is a healthy sign of evolution," Mabel P. LeRoy, Washington, D.C., reminds us, and goes on to assert it as her belief that the matter under debate will adjust itself of its own accord. "Naturally as women prove themselves capable, man's world will no longer be man's world, but man's and woman's world with equal opportunities for all," but laws for the protection or aid of the weak and the sick will be a question in which all humanitarian persons will always be interested.

Alice Thornton Jenkins, Washington, D. C., also believes that "equal rights for all will take care of women better than protective laws" and continues: "When women are really free and use their power they will be able to bring about laws which will protect everybody, I hope. At any rate, by all means let us see what an equal chance to all citizens would mean."

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They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews about 500 words in length are especially desired.*

Education in Africa

Commission report prepared by Thomas Jesse Jones, Phelps-Stokes Fund, New York, 1922. (Cloth $1.50, leather $2.00.)

Here is a purpose accomplished and a contribution made and a great scene realized in detail. For many a year this report, with its adequate survey of the area visited, will find place in the kit-bag of the government official, the merchant and the missionary who go that way. Smelling of Africa, it will be eaten by roaches and thumbed by white men in the forests and the grass country.

Mr. Jesse Jones emerges from his much and devious travelling, his acquisitive contacts with black men and white, his assimilations of conditions economic, political and racial, and his primary preoccupations with the problems of the education of the African, with two words in his mouth. These two *medicine* words are: Adaptation and coöperation. "The adaptation of education to the needs of the individual negro and to the African community, as opposed to the wholesale transfer of educational methods alien to the peoples of Africa," — and the "cooperation of governments, missions, commercial and industrial concerns, and of the Native people, in education and civilization of the African," — these, says Mr. Jones, are the ends to be sought, and his book is an outline of ways and means. None of the agencies adjured by Mr. Jones but will find its portion in the definite data and suggestions here set down. But it is, in its large view and its treasures of local observation, such a book as is not to be missed by any lover of peoples and problems and countries. Modern Africa, emerging to the knowledge of the average man, is here displayed, — its authentic glamour not impaired, its great future not minimized, and its problems not ignored.

Educated Africans will read Mr. Jones' report with profit and with gratitude, taking account of the fact that one of themselves — James Emman Aggrey, M.A. of the Fanti tribe, Gold Coast, — was a member of the commission that made the survey. They will feel the profound wisdom of the judgments here recorded; they will note the appreciations of their racial values and the lists of their achievements, and they will be comforted for many a book of the baser sort. Many a negro goldsmith and blacksmith and

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weaver and potter and farmer and carpenter and professional man will take heart in the reading.

Missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, will read it; indeed it is not too much to say that every Christian agency south of Senegal will have read it; for it is the most comprehensive program yet devised for their attention. They will be admonished by the findings that take account of themselves as the "pioneer sanitarians, educators, farmers, and home makers among the primitive people," — and that observe in them "the weak, as well as the strong elements of pioneers." Many a one of them, working in the lonely wastes of Africa, will realize his task — its great uses and its wide implications — as never before; and many a one reading in Mr. Jones' summary that "personality may create the work, and personality may destroy it" will try, in those unvisited places, to be a better man.

The relations of Colonial Governments to the educational problems of their peoples are examined in detail. Not the Belgians alone will rejoice to read of "the friendly interest of the Belgian government in all agencies for the welfare of the Native people." And many an isolated government official will read with gratitude that a majority of his class "receive their permanent satisfaction from a consciousness of service well rendered." It is certainly not a matter of indifference that a commission so outspoken about so many deplorable conditions should have made place to admire "the high average of ability and character among the British officers", and that Mr. Jones gives us a chance to believe that "most governments now realize that it is to the interest of all concerned to deal justly with the Native People."

That the Colonial Governments have been quick to feel the value of the report of the Commission is evidenced in the appointment by the Secretary of State for the Colonies in Great Britain, of an Advisory Committee on Education in the Crown Colonies in Africa, and by British participation in the further work of the Phelps-Stokes Commission, now under way in East Africa.

These are the larger uses of the journey and the survey that are recorded in this book. For the average American reader, there is the fascination of it, and the surprise, — the Cape Coast castles and the wattled cabins by the open sea beaches, the hybrid cities and the lonely outposts, the types, black and white, that are to be adapted, that are to coöperate, and whose successes or failures are to be so much a matter of concern to ourselves. It would be a poor comment on this book which did not contain a note of the fact that it is his knowledge of the failures and the successes of our own dealings with the education of the Negro that has committed Mr. Jones to his present efforts.

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE.

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Journalistic Code

We have had histories of journalism and histories of newspapers; three at least of the New York journals have had their stories told, by zealous members of their staffs, in excellent manner. We have had entertaining biographies, autobiographies and recollections, of all the characteristic figures in newspaperdom, from Fremont Older to "Marse Henry." There also have been books treating the subject of journalism from numerous other angles, varying all the way from Upton Sinclair's *The Brass Check*, with its indictment of the press of America as having prostituted itself for capitalism's sake, to the able expression of the formation of public thought, in Walter Lippman's *Public Opinion*. None seems to have approached the subject of newspapers quite as has Mr. Crawford, in this book on the code of journalism. (THE ETHICS OF JOURNALISM, Nelson Antrim Crawford, Knopf, $2.75.) It is a calm statement of present-day journalistic practise, with a discussion of various suggestions for improvement, expository rather than persuasive in its contents, an explanation rather than a plea, set forth in readable fashion to interest the layman equally with the newspaper writer.

In his preface, Mr. Crawford explains his purpose. The press is a profession. More than that, it is a social institution. It exists in the interests of society and for that reason must have standards or ethics. The book is a presentation of newspaper conditions with suggestions for improvement, to aid the young journalist "to

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formulate for himself an ethical philosophy of his profession." In a sense it is a text-book, as the publishers would have us accept it; in another, it has the interest, timeliness, and literary style, to make it attractive to the average reader.

Mr. Crawford divides his subject well, and discusses the business ethics of publishing, journalism as a profession, public charges against the newspaper, deficiencies of the press, the principle of objectivity and its application, and the setting of standards. Some of the popular charges against the newspaper are those of inaccuracy, suppression of news, coloring of news, faking, and "hokum." The author rather has as his materialistic indictment the charges of bribery, sensationalism, and advertisers controlling the paper's policy. But he finds a more realistic explanation for the deficiences of the press, in psychological phenomena. Ignorance, inertia, and fear, not corruption, are the main faults of the modern paper; the ignorance of the reporter and his dislike of looking up references or of seeking out the authenticity of statements, but above all, fear, the fear of the herd, distrust of the people, that is ingrained in newspapermen. "In the United States," writes Mr. Crawford, "there is no phenomenon more threatening to popular government than the unwillingness of newspapers to give the facts to their readers." Ignorance, inertia, but fear more than either, these constitute the faults of the paper, its failure to do its duty to its public.

Mr. Crawford is a man of ideas and a keen student — and it is a pleasure to read a straightforward, unbiased account of contemporary journalism. The young man breaking into newspaper work can use this book for a guide; the layman can profit by it too.

ARTHUR BRONSTEIN.
Brookline, Mass.

Mr. Herrick's Pilgrimage

In this novel, WASTE, by Robert Herrick (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.00) — one of the most significant which has come out of America in many a year — Mr. Herrick presents the career of one *Jarvis Thornton*, an American architect, during a period covering approximately the years 1875 to 1924. But however he may name him, a reader can but feel that the novel's hero is Mr. Herrick himself. It is Mr. Herrick's pilgrimage in search of a permanent satisfaction which one follows, and it is to Mr. Herrick's arraignment of American life that one listens. It is America seen through Mr. Herrick's eyes upon which one gazes, and from which one turns disappointedly away.

Wherever he goes Mr. Herrick sees squalor and waste —

"*All was one inextricable weave, one vast nexus of squalor in which the human spirit wallowed helpless! All!*"

The poison word *miasma* meets the reader on page after page as the hero wanders on his hopeless, endless journey. From the ineffectualness of New England college life, through the swamp of a shameless exploitation of natural resources during the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt, and on through the hollow mockery of winning the war at Washington, with a Wilson now and then thundering ideals from a Whitehouse Sinai, Mr. Herrick takes his melancholy way. In all places he sees unerringly. He speaks out unreservedly. And the voice is ever the same. Down the wind echoes always the unchanging cry, "Waste! Waste! Waste!"

Woman appears upon the scene of the novel; and Thomas Hardy's phrase "hand in hand with trouble" is beautifully applicable. Little more than a predatory animal, she moves relentlessly upon her natural victim, man, and sucks him dry. Only with the advent of *Cynthia* does there seem promise of change. Splendid, splendid heroine, presented with such skill as Mr. Herrick alone is master of! In her *Thornton* thinks to find the desire of his heart. There are idyllic, beautiful moments, lovely summer days of happiness at his cottage on the Maine coast. But they are only interlude. *Cynthia* is bound, caught in a trap which closes relentlessly in upon her, until she too is offered up in sacrifice; to an impossible husband, to a reprobate son, to her own unconquerable mother-love conventionalism; she too is a last pitiful victim of the great god, *Waste*.

A hard, bitter book! But if the colors are laid on somewhat too dark, if the indictment is too severe, the reader may make the necessary allowance. The point of it all is that no intelligent person can

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fail to find great stimulus to thought in Mr. Herrick's pages. He tells a good story. He draws his characters with skill that compels admiration for their reality, and he holds up the pageant of fifty years of American life, speaking out in no uncertain tones of all the pinchbeck qualities, the pretensions, the hollow unreality that he finds there. If the novel is overweighted with doctrine, surely much may be forgiven to its author because he has thought deeply, and written earnestly out of an overflowing heart.

One wishes for an endowment fund large enough to provide a free copy of *Waste* for every Y. M. C. A. secretary, every American Legion post, and every loud-voiced "One hundred per cent American." But then — of what avail? Most of them would not read it. The minority who did would but smile, gently murmur "pessimist" or "bolshevist," and continue on their optimistic, patriotic way.

EARL DANIELS.

Charleston, Illinois

Old School Diplomacy

"AN AMBASSADOR'S MEMOIRS" by Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador to the Russian Court. Vol. 1, July, 1914–June, 1915. George H. Doran Company, New York, $7.50.

There was, after all, a certain dignity in the "old diplomacy." It was not necessary to invent quite so many slogans to make wars plausible, as it is in a democratic diplomacy which can be little distinguished from the advertising business. You found a certain set of circumstances in front of you and you played with them according to the diplomat's Hoyle. There was the necessity of preserving the honor of France, of preventing the humiliation of Serbia, the equal necessity of putting Germany in her place. If war came, it was probably because there was no way out of it. Anyway, you played third hand high and you covered an honor with an honor. The rest was in God's hands, as you said piously when "all negotiations had failed," perhaps with the same faint suspicion that there may have been another way out of it that a parent feels when about to punish a child in the traditional manner. In this métier M. Paléologue was very much at home, and it must be admitted that he never missed a trick.

The French Ambassador paints many brilliant portraits. His Sazonov should hang in a conspicuous place in the gallery of old world diplomats who promised anything, conceded nothing and always made the worse appear the better reason. Pourtalés, the German Ambassador, appears in this book as the shifty, semi-hysterical representative of a government that tried to bluff the world and found that its bluff had been called. No one can soon forget that scene in the foreign office when Pourtalés called to present the German ultimatum to Russia. The German Ambassador stated his terms: the suspension of all mobilization on all fronts.

"Then with a glance at the clock which showed twenty-five minutes past eleven, he added: 'The time will expire at mid-day to-morrow.'"

"Without giving Sazonov time to make a single remark, he continued in a trembling, hurried voice: "Agree to demobilize! . . . Agree to demobilize! . . . Agree to demobilize!"

That was on the morning of July 31, 1914. On the next day Pourtalés appeared again at the foreign office. "His eyes were swollen and he was very red in the face and choking with emotion as he solemnly handed Sazonov a declaration of war, which concluded with this theatrical and menacing phrase: 'His Majesty the Emperor, my august sovereign, in the name of the empire accepts the challenge and considers himself in a state of war with Russia.'" Sazonov said "This is a criminal act," to which Herr Pourtalés replied, "We are defending our honor," a statement which brought forth from Sazonov something about "a divine justice." Pourtalés "went on muttering a few incomprehensible words and staggered to the window which is on the right of the door, opposite the Winter Palace. There he leaned against the embrasure and burst into tears." If the Kaiser had been planning the war since 1906, he seems to have failed to tell his ambassador to Russia of his intention in time to prepare that diplomat's emotional stability.

But it is not only with the causes of the

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war and the diplomacy of its first year that M. Paléologue writes. There are interviews with the flamboyant Grand Duke Nicholas and that remarkable dreamer, the Tsar. There is the medical history of the Tsarovitch and the dim, obscene shadow of Rasputin. There are rumors of revolution and the evidences of intransigeant obscurantism in the military caste. There is the good blunt, British figure of Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, who needed no "rape of Belgium" to make him want his country in the fray. And as a somber background to all the brilliant scenes in which M. Paléologue took so intimate a part, there is the great, gray, silent, kindly, moujik-minded mass which is Holy Russia, so unhappily betrayed by her rulers be they from above or below.

"Memoirs of an Ambassador" is a priceless document for students of continental history, for it conceals none of the things which a man who saw the faults of his whole environment might have thought it wise to conceal.

FREDERIC NELSON.

Hartford, Conn.

Literature and Life

Life to all of us appears more or less chaotic. It is difficult to understand the ideas and actions of ourselves and of those about us in their ultimate implications. It is also true that most people are more concerned with the bare facts of their experience and observation than in seeking to interpret these facts, and by so doing to weave a pattern of the threads of experience that will represent a philosophy of life. What shall we do to be saved? By what means may we gain the understanding necessary to subject a confused world to the rule of the intelligence? The answers to these questions we seek unconsciously in every work of literature that we read, and it is the purpose (perhaps unconscious) of the great writers and critics to give us the answers as they see them.

Not a few critics have sought to relate literature to life, to show wherein by seeing life as it is reflected in literature we may live more abundantly. Of these Matthew Arnold is a particular example in his wish "to see life steadily and to see it whole." Nevertheless, the primary intention of this school of criticism as of all others is the criticism of literature, not of life. It has remained for Ludwig Lewisohn, of our modern critics, to apply to human life the principles that he has so successfully used in his criticism of literature and particularly of the drama. Although a considerable part of his most recent volume of essays (THE CREATIVE LIFE, Boni and Liveright, $2.50) is devoted to literary criticism in the strict sense, that is, with poetry, the novel and the drama; yet Dr. Lewisohn's real interest is not art but human life. To him all "schools, techniques, methods are but means toward the end of bringing expression a little nearer to experience, art a little nearer to life." Not only to interpret life but "to increase the number of living realities and possibilities of experience, to create things and thoughts that would otherwise be lost to the consciousness of man" is the function of art.

It has been said that the essence of true literary style consists in clarity, in lucidity, in precision of phrasing rather than in any rhetorical quality that the writing may possess. To those to whom clearness of expression is the highest stylistic quality this book will have particular appeal.

IRVING A. DENISON.

Washington, D. C.

Emily Dickinson

At last it can be told! At least so Mrs. Bianchi, Emily Dickinson's niece, implies in THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00). Ever since Colonel Higginson discovered the Amherst poetess and put the first slender volume of her verses before the public, people have been wondering whether there wasn't a particular "secret" to account for her seclusion; and, as Mrs. Bianchi says, they have been busy amassing "quite lurid misinformation." That was natural enough, for anyone who read the poems and letters with half an eye knew that there was something more than a mere passion for orchards in her solitude.

Mrs. Bianchi's revelations are a little tantalizing, to be sure, on account of what she doesn't tell. But that is entirely right, for, in the first place, the details

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were a "confidence to her sister Sue" and, in the second, the biographer's laudable purpose is not to stage a sensation, but to reveal the whole life of Emily Dickinson, quite as much a winsome and sociable person to her few friends as a recluse to strangers, and never in the slightest degree what her family would have stigmatized as "queer." Indeed, the story of her rebellion at school is as important, in the picture of her, as that of her later flight to seclusion. Miss Lyon, the distinguished head of South Hadley Female Seminary, had announced that "Christmas would be recognized as a fast. . . . After laying down this unseductive programme she added that the school might rise in token of responsive observation. The school did rise — all except Emily and her room-mate. The school sat down and Miss Lyon, appalled by such flagrant disregard of the decent required pieties, enlarged upon her programme. At the end of which she added that if there were any so lost to a sense of the meaning of the day as to wish to spend it otherwise, they might stand that the whole school might observe them. . . . Emily stood alone. The derelict took the afternoon stage home, . . . but the matter was finally arranged, and she was allowed to be returned, unconvinced and unrepentant."

The early chapters, picturing vividly the simple, austere life of a community still under a Puritan spell, show not only the rebel and humorous Emily, but also the keen poetic mind. "She put so much of her own supernatural imagination into a person or event . . . that few . . . could have conceived the voltage of her impressions or reactions." That is perhaps the most important sentence in Mrs. Bianchi's part of the volume, and it serves as a fitting interpretation for the larger part, — Emily's enchanting letters electric letters, full of emotion translate into current.

The biographer does not attempt much literary criticism in her narrative, but in her preface she attempts a little of it, not always happily. "A mystic akin only to Emerson" is good enough, though a trifle forced, since Emily's peculiar charm lies in the fact that she is *sui generis*, of no particular intellectual kinship ("*others* abide our question"); but Mrs. Bianchi's choice of someone's misguided phrase, "the feminine Walt Whitman," is absurd. Emily's rebellion was not so much against form as against narrowness; she was a shy singer of the immortal spirit rather than the champion of the expansive heart. Whereas Whitman "promulged" on prairie or trottoir, she contracted to an orchard. He heard "America singing;" she had "a bobolink for a chorister." Humor, transfiguring phrase, and gigantic, stimulating omissions breathe life into her orchard communions with "our old neighbor God"; and these qualities, whatever Whitman's other glories, were not precisely characteristic of him.

But though I may resent this prefatory crowding of a delicate anemone against a promulgent sunflower, I can find only praise for the book from page three to the end. The story is interestingly told, and the letters are in better order and more wisely selected than in former printings. As a piece of biography, the book is excellent, one of the most significant of the year.

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Milton, Mass.

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TOASTS

HAVELOCK ELLIS says somewhere in his exquisite and brilliant *Dance of Life*, that the greatest artist or scientist is always both artist *and* scientist. He cites Da Vinci and Goethe as examples of this duality of spirit, but he, himself, is the supreme artist-scientist among living men.

HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS is a New Englander by birth and education, and a northwesterner by adoption. He was born in Portland, Maine, and received his A.B. and Ph.D. at Harvard, but he now lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he is editor of the "Northwestern Miller," and the musical critic of the Minneapolis "Tribune." Dr. Bellows' interests and accomplishments are many and varied. He has written about the northwest, about music, about literature, and also a technical treatise on riot duty for the National Guard. He is the author of many poems; and to him must be credited one of the finest translations ever made into English form from the Norse: *The Poetic Edda*, recently published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

EDWARD FREE, new Editor of "The Scientific American," has had a varied career. Though an A.B. (Cornell) and a Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins), he has worked at the trade of an electrician, and as a chemist in a blast furnace and paper-mill. He was first educated as an electrical and, later, as a chemical engineer. He has been State Chemist in Arizona, and Assistant Professor at the University of Arizona. From 1907 to 1912 he was physicist and scientist for the United States Department of Agriculture. It was during this period that he made an extensive investigation of the possibility of extracting potash from sea kelp. Searching for potash, he made explorations of every desert basin in the United States, — many of them never before visited by a white man, — which resulted in the discovery at Searles Lake, California, of the only important potash deposits in the country. Since 1912 Dr. Free has been a consultant and technical adviser. His solid achievements in pure and applied science are far too numerous to be recorded here, but in spite of his scientific work, Dr. Free has found time to write articles and books whose chief purpose is to make science understandable to the layman. Dr. Free believes that a scientific education is of inestimable value to the average man, no matter in what walk of life he may be, because science teaches us to face the truth. The success or failure of the scientist can be seen and readily appreciated. As he puts it: "A scientist who tries to lie to himself about his accomplishments soon does one of two things: he quits lying, or he quits being a scientist."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS is without question the most widely known and read of American critics. When the Editors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica wanted an authoritative article on the recent developments of American Literature they turned, quite naturally, to Professor Phelps.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN has been in Russia for two years as a newspaper correspondent and has travelled into remote regions of the country, going as far east on one journey as Tash-Kent in Central Asia. Mr. Chamberlin graduated from Haverford College in 1917, and has been on the staff of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" and the "New York Tribune."

GEORGE HIGGINS MOSES, Chairman of the Senatorial Committee of the Republican party, was born in Lubec, Maine. He began his political career as private secretary to the Governor of New Hampshire. He has been United States Minister to Greece and Montenegro and, since 1918, Senator from New Hampshire.

WILLIAM MORGAN BUTLER is the "business man in politics." He was born in Bedford, Massachusetts and for many years he practised law. He is president and director of some of the largest cotton mills in New England. As Chairman of the Republican National Committee he speaks more authoritatively than anyone else of the platform and candidates of the Republican party.

CONSPICUOUS among those salient peaks of personality that loom above the senatorial mass is THOMAS JAMES WALSH, senior Democratic Senator from

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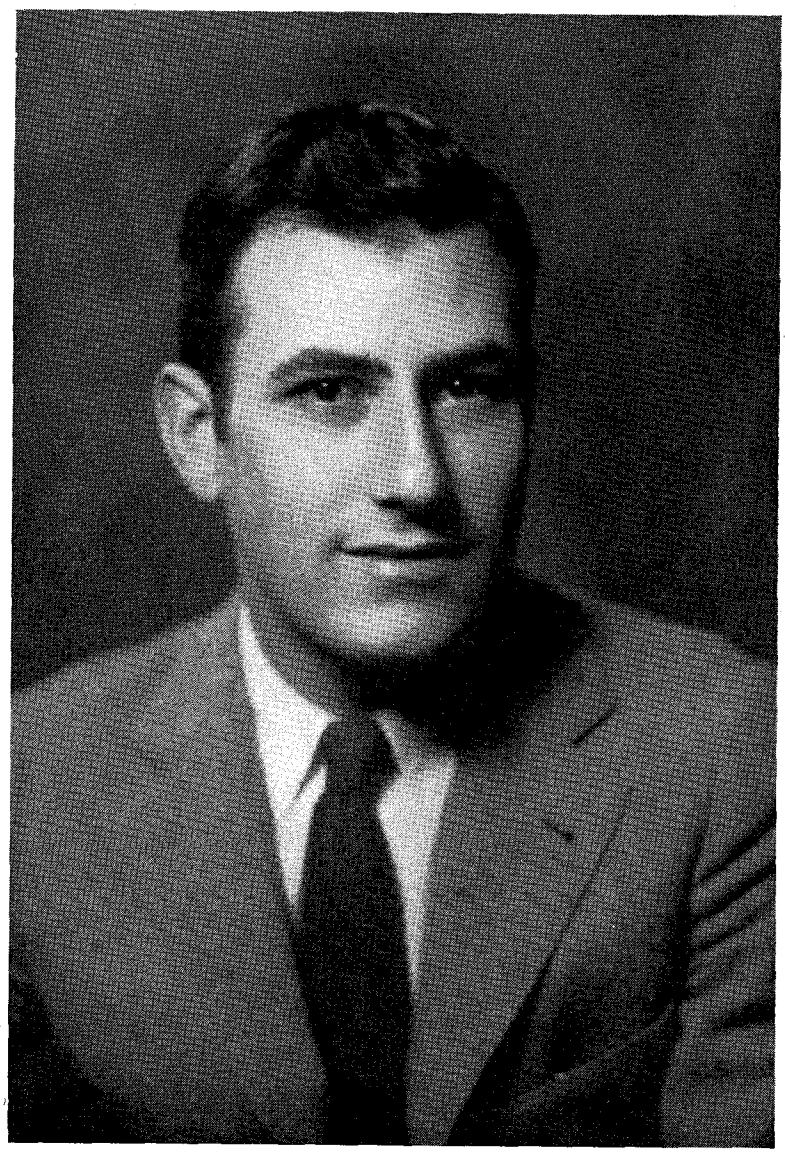

FRANK C. DAVISON
(Pierre Coalfleet)

The Literary Editor of THE FORUM *has departed for Europe that he may have more leisure for his own creative work. "Solo," a Putnam publication, is his most recent novel. Fortunately we shall not lose the services of this talented author, for he is to continue on the staff as European Editor of* THE FORUM

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Montana, author of the historical article on the oil concessions in the July FORUM. George Henry Payne, in a recent open letter to Senator Moses, said of Walsh that he was destined to go down in history as one of the notable men of the epoch, and suggested that the Republican party should acknowledge his services to the cause of honesty in goverment, by refusing to contest his reëlection.

GEORGE RICHARD LUNN reversed the usual direction in which young America migrates; born in Lenox, Iowa, he is, to-day, Lieutenant-Governor of New York. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister and for several years was pastor of the First Dutch Reformed Church of Schenectady, New York. He left his church to become the first socialist mayor ever elected in New York State. In 1917 at the end of his third term as Mayor of Schenectady he entered the sixty-fifth Congress of the United States as a Democrat, representative of the Thirtieth New York District. In January 1921 Schenectady made him its mayor for the fourth time. At present he has more than a fair chance of being the next Governor of New York.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST says she has been exploring the west and "discovering how easily the west could put the east in its pocket." Born in Ohio, she deserted her native state for New England, and now she lives in Tacoma, Washington. Although she is the author of several charming poems, Miss Gilchrist insists that she is "a person with no biography," — then, surely a person with a biography in the making.

Prize Short Story Contest Announcement

IN February, 1924, THE FORUM announced that it would award a prize of $1,000 for the best short story submitted to it before July first, 1924.

FROM the six hundred stories received and considered the judges, FANNIE HURST, JOHN ERSKINE, and WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, chose four which, in their unanimous opinion, were best. From these they have selected the winning story.

IN the November number of THE FORUM will be published the winning story, the titles of the three stories receiving honorable mention, and the names of their authors.

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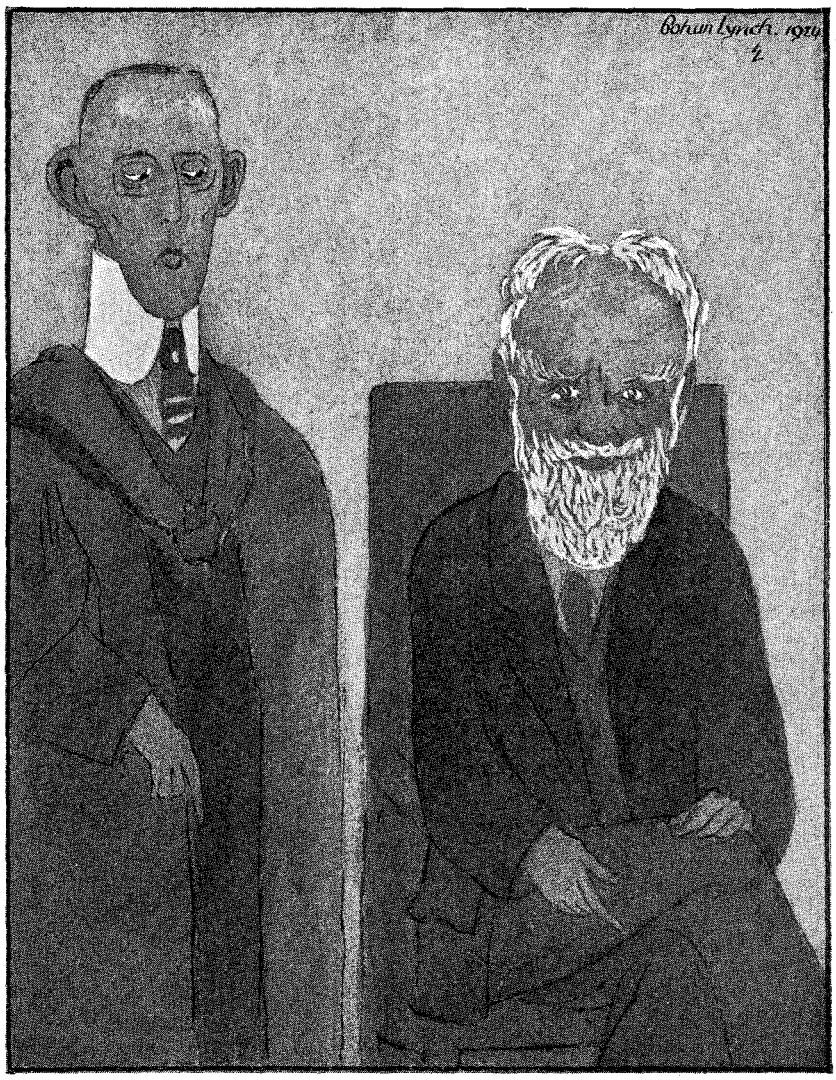

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON AND BERNARD SHAW

Mr. Bohun Lynch captures a bit of talk from page 454 of THE FORUM

Henderson: "How about Stuart P. Sherman?"

Shaw: "I thought he was dead. A general isn't he?"

The Professor's academic eyes gleam suspiciously. Is the mathematician having difficulty gauging the relativity of Bernard Shaw's retort?

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